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20c  
THE  
MEDITATIONS,  
SOLILOQVIA, AND  
MANVALL OF THE  
Glorious Doctour  
S. Augustine.

*Newly translated into English.*



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Anne Stanley

Her Booke with  
1656

Amen

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*J. Fanning*



*ANNE THE Stanley*  
**PREFACE**  
TO THE READER

*before the Meditations,  
Soliloquia, and Ma-  
nuall of Saint  
Augustine.*



THESE three  
little treatises  
of the great  
S<sup>t</sup>. Augustine,  
might all well  
haue bene called Ma-

† ij

nualls, in respect that they  
are of soe small bulke, as  
vvith ease to be portable by  
euery hand. But yet as they  
are little Manualles, soe vvith  
all they may be accounted  
great Cordials, for the re-  
lation vvich they haue,  
and for the place vvich  
they deserue to hold, in the  
hart of man. They princi-  
pally consist of most swete  
affections, and aspirations,  
vvich the enamoured soule  
of our incomparable Saint  
vvvas euer breathing out to  
Almighty God; beseeching  
him in most tender man-  
ner, to be drawning it still,

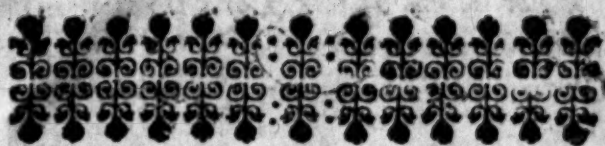
neerer to himselfe. VVee  
may see, how he aspired to  
perfect vnion, vvith that  
diuine maiestie; but vvithall  
vve must knowe, that first,  
he had taken paines to  
purge himselfe entirely, frō  
all error, sinne, and vani-  
tie; and to plant the habits  
of vertue in his hart, by a  
most attentiu and faithfull  
imitation of the humilitie,  
and charitie of Christ our  
Lord. *Vade, & tu fac similiter.* <sup>goe, and  
doe thou  
the like</sup>  
For vnlesse thou trauaile in  
that high vvay, thou vvilt  
neuer arriue to that iour-  
neys end. Nor art thou to  
looke for any experimētall

knowledge of Gods sweet-  
nes, till by prayer & practise  
of solid vertue, the bitter  
iuyce of sinne, and the of-  
fensiue smoake of passion  
be discharged. But that  
being done, roome is made  
for God, and he vwill make  
thee knowve, and feele,  
hovv good he is.

God, who  
doe then  
the like







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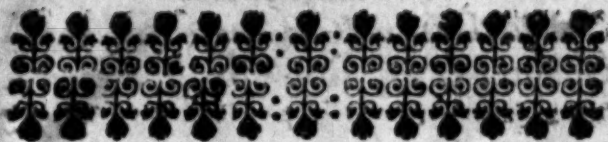
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THE  
MEDITATIONS  
OF THE GLORIOUS  
Doctour S. Augustine.

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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

*The Invocation of the Omnipotent God  
for the amendement of his life.*



LORD my God!  
bestowe vpon my  
hart, that I may de-  
sire thee; that by  
desiringe thee, I  
may seeke thee;  
that by seekinge  
thee, I may finde thee; that by fin-  
dinge thee, I may loue thee; that by  
loueing thee, I may be freed from all  
my sinns; and that once being freed,

I may retourne to them noe more.  
O Lord my God! grant repentance  
to my hart, contrition to my spirit,  
a fountaine of tears to mine eyes,  
and liberality in giueinge almes to  
my hands. O my King! extinguish  
all desires of sense, and kindle the  
fire of thy loue in me. O thou my  
Redeemer, driue away the spirit of  
pride; and grant me, through thy  
mercy, the treasure of thy humility.  
O thou, my Sauour! remoue from  
me the fury of anger, and vouch-  
safeme (of thy grace) the sheild of  
patience. O thou my Creator! take  
all rancor from me; and through  
thy meekenes, enrich me with a  
sweete, and gentle minde. Bestowe  
on me, ô most mercifull Father, a so-  
lide faith, a conuenient hope, and a  
continuell charity! O thou my Di-  
rectour! remoue vanity from me,  
and inconstancy of minde, and vn-  
setlednes of body, and scurrility of  
speech, and pride of eyes, and glut-  
tony of diet, and the offence of my  
neighbours, and the wickednes of  
detractions, and the itch of curiosi-  
ty, and the desire of riches, and the



*of S. Augustine.*

3

oppression, which is imposed by the mighty, and the appetite of vayne glory, and the mischeife of hipocrisy, and the poyson of flattery, and the contempt of the poore, and the oppression of the weake, and the biteinge of couetoussnes, and the rust of enuy, and the death of blasphemy.

Cutt away from me, O thou who art my maker! all vngodly temerity, pertinacy, vnquiernesse, idlenes, slepinesse, slothe, dullnes of minde, blindnesse of hart, stiffnes of opiniõ, harshnesse of conuersation, disobedience to vertu, and opposition to good aduise, vnbridlednesse of speach, oppression of the poore, violence of the riche, slander of the innocent, sharpnesse towards my seruants, ill example towards myne acquaintance, and hard hartednes towards my neighbours. O my God! and my mercy, I beseech thee, by thy beloued Sonne, grant that I may performe the workes of mercy, and pittie; sufferinge with the afflicted, aduising such as err, succurring such as are miserable, supplying

## *The Meditations*

Such as are in want, confortinge such  
as are in sorrow, releiuinge the op-  
pressed, refreshinge the poore, che-  
rishinge the spirits which are woun-  
ded; releasinge to my debtors, per-  
doninge such as doe me wronge, lo-  
ueinge them, who hate me, redringe  
good for euell, dispiseing none, but  
honouringe all, imitating the good,  
takeing heed of the bade, imbra-  
ceing vertue, reiectinge vice, ha-  
ueinge patience in aduersity, and  
moderation in prosperity; and, that,  
keepeing a guard vpon my mouth, and  
shuttinge the doore of my lipps, I may  
despise, all earthly, and aspire to  
heauenly things.

---

## **C H A P. II.**

*The accusation of man, and the com-  
mendation & praise, of the  
diuine mercy.*

**B**Ehold, O thou who haste fra-  
med me! how many things I ha-  
ue desired, whilest yet I deserue not,

so much as a few. I confesse, woe is  
me, I cōfesse that not onely these gra-  
ces, which I haue begged, are not due  
to me, but rather many, & most ex-  
quisite tormēts. Yet doth the exam-  
ple of the *Publicanes*, and *Harlots*,  
& murdering thecues, giue my hart;  
who beinge suddenly drawne out of  
the very iawes of the enemy, haue  
beene imbraced, in the bosome of  
the *good shepheard*. And thou, ô God,  
the Creator of all things, though in  
all thy workes thou be admirable, yet  
we beleiue thee to be so much more,  
in the workes of mercy. Whereupon  
thou saidst, by a certaine seruant of  
thine, *His mercyes are ouer all his wor-  
kes*. And we doe confidently hope,  
that it was, as if thou hadest spoken  
it of euery one of vs in particuler,  
when thou didst thus expresse thy  
selfe saying, of the whole people :  
*But I will not remoue mercy from it*.  
For thou despisest noe man, thou  
reiectest noe man, thou abhorrest  
noe man, vnlesse perhaps it be some  
one, who is so made as to abhor  
thee. When therefore thou art angry,  
thou doste not onely not strike, but

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thou impartest blesseings to them  
who are prouokeinge thee; if yet,  
they be content to giue ouer.

O thou, my God! *the very horne of  
my saluation and my vpholder*, I wret-  
ched creature, haue offended thee:  
I haue done wickedly in thy sight:  
I haue deserued thy wrathe: I haue  
prouoked thy fury: I haue sinned,  
and thou hast suffred me: I haue of-  
fended, and thou yet endurest me.  
If I repent, thou perdoneest; if I  
returne, thou receiuest, nay more  
then this, whilest I am deferring,  
thou expectest me. Thou dost redu-  
ce me when I err: thou inuitest me  
when I resiste: thou staieest for me  
when I am dull: thou imbraceest me  
when I returne: Thou reachest me  
when I am ignorant: thou cherri-  
shest me when I am afflicted: thou  
raifest me whilest I fall: thou resto-  
rest me when I am fallen: thou giuest  
me when I aske: thou art found  
when I seeke; and thou openest  
when I knock.

O Lord, the God of my saluatiō!  
behold, I know not what I may al-  
ledge: I know not what to answeare;



I haue no refuge, nor noe hole to retire my selfe into from thee. Thou hast showed me the way of liuinge well, and thou hast giuen me knowledge how to conduct my selfe: thou hast threatned me with the feare of hell, thou hast allured me with the hope of the glory of heauen. And now, O Father of mercyes! *ô God of all consolation, strike through my very flesh with thy feare; to the end, that by caution, I may auoide that which thou threatnest; and restore to me the ioy of thy sauing grace, that by acts of loue, I may obteyne that which thou promist.*

O Lord! my strength, and my foundation, my God, my refuge, & my deliuerer, inspire me with what I ought to thinke of thee; teach me with what words I should inuoke thee; impart the power of performinge those workes, wherby I may please thee. I know there is one thing, wherby thou art appeased, & an other which thou art not wont to despise. *For an afflicted soule, is a sacrifice to thee: and thou vouchsafest*

to accept a spirit, which thou findest  
to be humble and contrite.

O my God, and my helper! enrich  
me, I beseech thee with these gifts;  
defend me against mine enemy by  
these graces; impart this refreshinge  
to me, against the burninge heat of  
sensualityes, and lett this refuge be  
open to me, against the importunity  
of all inordinate desires. O Lord!  
the strength of my saluation, doe  
not permitt me to be of them, *who*  
*beleue in thee for a season; but in the ty-*  
*me of temptation departe from thee.* O-  
*uershad. w this head of mine, in the day*  
*of battell.* O thou who art my hope  
in the tyme of affliction, and my sa-  
ueing health in the tyme of tribula-  
tion. Behold, ô Lord! ô thou my  
light, and my saluation! I haue beg-  
ged those things of thee which I  
neede: I haue intimated those things  
which I apprehend and feare, my  
conscience fills me with remorse,  
the secretts of my hart reprocue me,  
and that which loue gathereth toge-  
ther, feare scattereth; and that  
which zeale moues me too, distrust  
drawes me from. My sinns, giue me

*of S. Augustine.*

terroure, but thy pittie putteth me into hope; thy bounty exhorts me, though myne owne malignity hold me back. And that I may confesse a truth, the images, and representations of my old sinns, be still obtruding themselves to my memory, & they hold me downe from presuming too farr.

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CHAP. III.

*The complainte of a man who is not heard  
by our Lord, through his  
disobedience.*

FOR in fine, when a man is worthy of hate, with what face shall he desire fauour? To whome punishment is due, what rash boldnes is it for him, to expect glory? He prouoketh his Iudge, who, instead of giueinge satisfaction for his offence, pretends to be honored with rewards. He insults vpon his Kinge, who beinge obnoxious to punishment, will aduenture to begg

a suite. And that ill mannerd sonne,  
would exasperate the tender hart of  
his fathewho hauinge reproache d  
the same father, should presume to  
vsurpe the inheritance, before he  
had disposed himself to pennance.  
What is that, ô my deare Father  
which I remember my selfe to haue  
done ! I haue deserued death, and  
yet I aske life. I haue offended my  
souueraigne Kinge, whose aide I  
doe yet thus impudently implore. I  
haue despised my Iudge whome thus  
rashly, I desire to be my helper. Most  
insolently haue I refused, so much as  
to harken to my Father, and yet now  
I am presumeinge, to desire that he  
will become my tutor. Woe be vn-  
to me, how late doe I come : woe be  
to me, how slack am I in makeing  
haste ; woe be to me, who am run-  
ninge still, after fresh wounds, nor  
vouchsafeinge, when I am well, to  
preuent the pearcinge of new arro-  
wes. I haue neglected to forsee the  
darts before they came ; but now  
that I behold my death at hand, I  
am full of trouble. I then added  
wounds to wounds, when I feared



not, to add crimes to crimes. My ancient scarrs, I haue broke through with new violence; and my late iniquities, haue corresponded with my ancient sinns; and that which thy diuine phisick had cured, and closed; the itch of my frensy, hath opened, and resolved. The skinn which being drawn ouer my wounds did conceale my infirmity, hath putrified by the breaking out of filthy blood; whilest that iniquity which I repeated, did euacuate the mercy which thou hadst grantest. For I well know, how it is written: *In what hower soeuer the iust man shall sin, all his iustice shalbe forgotten.* And *Ezech. 3. & 18* now if the iustice of the iust man shalbe forgotten when he falls, how much more shall the pennance of a sinner be forgotten, if he returne againe to comitt those sinns? *How often, like a dogg, haue I returned to my vomitt, and like a sow, haue I weltered againe, in the mire?* I may wel confesse it, for it is impossible, but I should remember it. How many ignorant persons haue I taught the way how to sinn? how many haue I persua-

ded, who had no minde to it? I haue compelled such as resisted; and I haue consented to such as desired. For how many haue I laide a snare, who were already in the right way? and for others who sought that way, I haue digged a pitt, and so the end that I might not abhorre the doeing of these things, I feared not to cast them out of my minde. But thou ô iust Iudge, who sealest up the  
*Iob 13.* accounts of my sinns, and who standest watchinge ouer all my wayes, and hast numbered euery one of my stepps; thou I say, heldest thy peace, thou hast euer beene silent, and euer patient. But woe is me, thou wilt at length cry out, like a woeman who is in the torment of child bedd.

*Esa*  
 42.

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## CHAP. IV.

### *The feare of the Iudge.*

**O** God, the Lord of Gods, who art so hard for the malice, and sinn of man, I knowe that one day

thou wilt appeare. I know that thou wilt not be allwayes silent, when the fire shall burn in thy sight, and that strong tempest, shall compassse thee in round about; when thou shalt call the heauen & earth, at such tyme, as thou wilt iudge thy people. And behold all my iniquities shalbe discouered then, before so many thousands of nations; and all my greiuous crimes, not onely deeds, but euen words, and very thouhts themselues, shalbe manifested, to so many legions of Angells. Before so many iudges shall I, desolate creature, stand; as there wilbe men, who haue farr out stripped me in good workes. By so many reproofes, shall I be confounded, as they haue giuen me examples of good life. And by so many witnesses shall I be conuincd, as they haue taught me by good speeches; and instructed me toward an imitatiō of them, by their good examples. O my Lord, I can lighte vpon nothinge which I may say; nothing doth occur which I can answere. And now, whilest I am subiect to this sharp triall, my conscience racks me, the secrets, of

my hart torment me, couetousnesse  
streightens me, pride accuses me, en-  
uy consumes me, concupiscence in-  
flames me, lust importunes me, glut-  
tony dishonors me, ebriety ouerco-  
mes me, detraction tears me, ambi-  
tion supplants me, greedinesse dis-  
quiets me, discords scatters me, an-  
ger disturbs me, mirth dissolues me,  
heauinesse oppresseth me, hypocri-  
sy deceiues me, flattery alters me,  
fauour exalts me, & slander wounds  
me. Behold o thou, *who art my deli-  
uerer from these feirce nations!* behold  
who they be, whome I haue liued  
with all, from the very day of my  
birth; whome I haue obserued, and  
to whome I haue dedicated my selfe.  
These very imployments which I  
loued, condemn me; they which I  
praised, dishonored me. These are  
those friends with whome I did so  
carefully comply; those Maisters,  
whose direction I followed; those  
Lords whome I haue serued; those  
Counseillers whome I haue belee-  
ued, those citzens with whome I ha-  
ue dwelt; & those domesticks, who-  
me I haue consented too. We is me,



of S. Augustine.

17

ô my King, an my God, that my habitation here, is so much prolonged. Woe is me! O thou light of mine eyes, that I haue dwelt amongst the inhabitants of Cedar. And if holy Dauid could say that he had dwelt much with them, how much more, may I wretched creature say (O thou my God, and my strong fondation) that my soule hath dwelt too much with them; for in thy sight, noe man liueinge can be iustified. Psal. 119.

Psal.

142.

My hope is not reposed in the sonnes of men, for if thou iudge them (when thy mercy is laide aside) whom wilt thou be able to finde iust? And if thou preuent not the wicked man by shewing mercy? thou wilt not finde any good man, vpon whom to bestowe thy glory. For I beleue (O thou who art my saluation) that which I haue beene told, that it is thy mercy which bringeth me to pennance. Those lipps of thy mouth more sweete then Nectar, haue sounded forth these words: Noe man can come to me, vnles my Father who sent me, drawe him. Because therfor thou haste instructed me: because by that

instruction, thou hast mercifully framed me; as now I am; I doe with the most inward marrow of my soule, and with all possible strife of my hart, inuoke thee, ô Omnipotent Father, with thy most beloued Sonne; and thee, ô most sweete Sonne, with the most excellent soueraigne Holy Spirit, that thou wilt drawe me towards thee, and that so I may runn after the fragrance of thy pretious odours: and that I may doe it most dearly.

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## C H A P. V.

*The Father is inuoked by the Sonne.*

**I**n uoke thee, ô my God! I inuoke thee, because thou art present, to all such as call vpon thee, in the way of truth: for thou art Truth. Teach me, ô holy Truth, by thy mercy, how I may inuoke thee, in thee, because I know not how that must be done; and therefore I doe must humbly begg of thee, to be taught by thee. For to be wise without thee,

isto play the foole; but to knowe thee, is perfectly to be wise. *Teach me*, ô diuine Wisdome, and *instruct me in thy lawe*, for I belecue that he whome thou reacheest, and whome thou instructest in thy lawe, shalbe happy. I desire to inuoke thee, and I beseech thee, thar it may be in all *Truth*. What is it to call vpon *Truth*, in *Truth*, but to call vpon the *Father* in his *Sonne*. Thy speech therefore, ô holy Father, is *Truth*, and *Truth* is the beginnunge of thy words. For this, is the beginnunge of thy words, thar *In the beginning was the word*. In the very beginning doe I adore thee, who art the prime, and supream beginnunge. In that very worde of *Truth*, doe I also inuoke thee, ô perfect *Truth*, in which word I beseech thee, who art that very *Truth*, that thou wilt direct, and teach me that *Truth*. For what is more delightfull, then to inuoke the *Father*, in the name of his onely begotten *Sonne*; to induce the Father to mercy, by the remembrance of his *Sonne*; & to mollify the Kings hart by the mention of his dearest *Sonne*.

For thus doe prisoners vse to be freed from their restraints: So are slaues, freed from their chaines; and men who are lyable to the sadd doome of death, are not onely absolued; but growe intituled sometymes, to extraordinary fauour, when they putt angry Princes in minde, of the loue they beare to theyr progeny: And when the intercession of the Sonne is imployed, the poore slaue is wonte to auoide the punishment of his Lord.

Iust so, ô thou Omnipotent Father, I begg of thee, by thine Omnipotent Sonne, that thou wilt drawe my soule out of his prison, that I may confesse to thy name. I beseech thee, by that onely begotten Sonne of thine, who is coeternall with thee; that thou wilt discharge me, from these fetters of my sinns; and that by the interpellation of thy most precious issue, who is sitting at thy right hand; thou wilt, of thy goodnes, restore me to life, who for my great demerits am threatned with the sentence of death. For I knowe nor what other intercessor I should be



able to vse towards thee, but him who *Ioan. x.*  
is the propitiatour for our sinns, and who *Rom. 8*  
 sitteth at thy right hand pleadinge for  
vs. Behold, o God the Father, him  
who is my aduocate with thee. Be-  
hold that supreame Bishop, who  
hast noe need to be expiated by any  
others blood, but is resplendent in  
being bathed, and imbrued with his  
owne. Beholde here the holy Saeri-  
fice which is wholly, perfect, and wel  
pleasing; & which is offered in the odour  
of sweetnes, & so accepted: Behold the  
lamb without spott, who is silent before  
the shearer; and who being beaten  
vpon the face with blowes, and de-  
filed with spittle, and reproached  
with scorne, did not yet so much as  
open his mouth. Beholde, he who  
neuer committed sinn, hath borne  
our sinns; and by his owne greife &  
torment, hath cured our disorders,  
an diseases.

## C H A P. VI.

*Heer man representeth the Passion of  
the Sonne to the Father.*

**B**Eholde deare *Father*, thy most  
holy *Sonne*, who hath suffered  
such bitter things for me. Behold ô  
most Clement Kinge, who it is that  
suffers, and remember with mercy,  
for whome he suffers. Is not he, ô  
my Lord, that innocent person who  
beinge thine one Sonne, was deliue-  
red by thee, to the end that he might  
redeeme thy slaue? Is not he the au-  
thor of life, who yet is carried like a  
sheepe to slaughter; and beinge made obe-  
dient to thee, did not feare to vndergoe a  
death, which was most hydeously  
greiuous? Call to minde, ô thou who  
art the dispenser of all saluation, that  
this is, that very he, whome al-  
though thou didst begett, out of  
thyne owne substance, and strength;  
thou didst yet ordeyne him to be  
partaker of our infirmity. Yea this

indeed is that Deity of thyne, which  
apparayled it selfe with my *nature*, &  
that *nature* ascended vp to the tree of  
the *Crosse*, & endured bitter torment  
in the flesh, which it assumed. Send  
downe, ô Lord my God, the eyes of  
thy Maiesty, vpon this worke of thy  
vnspeakable piety. Behold thy sweete  
Sonne, beinge stretched out from  
head to foote. Beholde those inno-  
cent hands, all distillinge with his  
pretious blood, in great abundance:  
and thou beinge once appeased, for-  
giue the wickednes which my hands  
haue wrought. Consider that dis-  
armed side of his, which is pear-  
ced by the pointe of a cruell Launce;  
and renue me in that sacred springe,  
which I beleeue to haue flowed  
downe from thence. Cast an eye  
towards those immaculate feete of  
his, which neuer stood in the way of sin-  
ners, but did alwayes walke in thy *Psal. I.*  
Lawe. See how they are fastned,  
with cruell nailes, and doe thou perfect  
my paces in thy pathes wayes, and mer-  
cifully make me hate all wayes of wic-  
kednes. Remoue the way of iniquity  
from me, and of thy goodnes, make

me choose the way of truthe. I beseeche thee, ô Kinge of Saynts, by this Redeemer of mine, that thou wilt make me *runn with speed through the way of thy Commandements*, that so I may be vnited to him in spiritt, who disdayned not to be vested with my flesh.

Dost thou not, ô holy Father, obserue how that most deere head of thy Sonne (he being yet but in the flower of his yowth) is hanging downe vpon that necke, which is as white as snowe, and doth resolute it selfe into a most pretious death? Beholde, ô thou most meeke Creator, the humanity of thy beloued Sonne; and take pittie vpon the weakenes of our fraile nature. That bare brest of his, is lilly-pale; that side is all read, and goared with blood; those bowells are withered, with being stretched out, those sweet bright eyes doe languish; that imperiall face is all discoloured; those long and gracefull armes, are growen stiffe; those marbell thighes are hanging downe; and those springs of that pretious blood, doe bedew, &



bath, his transperced feete. Behold  
 ô glorious Father the torne lymms  
 of thy most beloued Sonne; and in  
 thy mercy, remember that he car-  
 rieth my nature about him. Behold  
 the punishment of that man, who is  
 the Creator; and release the misery  
 of that man who was created by him.  
 Behold the punishment of the Re-  
 deemer, and remitt and pardon his  
 offence who is redeemed. This is he,  
 ô my Lord, whome thou didst stri-  
 ke for the sinns of thy people, though he be  
 still that beloued, in whome thou art so  
 well pleased. This is that innocent  
 person, in whome noe guile was found,  
 and yet he was esteemed to be one of the  
 wicked.

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C H A P. VII.

*Heer man acknowledgeth that himselfe  
 by his sinnes, is the cause of the Pas-  
 sion of Christ our Lord.*

**W**Hat hast thou commit-  
 ted, ô thou most sweete  
 Creature, that thou shouldest so be

iudged? What hast thou committed,  
ô most amiable yonge man, that  
thou shouldest be treated so? What is  
thy wickednes? What is thy cryme?  
What is the cause of thy death? What  
is the occasion of thy condemnatiô?  
It is I, it is I, who am that wound,  
which putts thee to payne, and I  
am the cryme which kills thee: and  
I am the man who deserued that  
death which thou endurest. I am the  
wickednes, wherof reueng is taken  
vpon thee. I am that forenes of thy  
Passion: I am the labour of thy tor-  
ment. O admirable kinde of senten-  
ce! O disposition of an vnspeakable  
mystery. The wicked man sinns, and  
the iust man is punished; The guilty  
person offends, and the innocent  
man bears the blowes; the impious  
man errs, and the holy man is con-  
demned. That which the wicked  
man deserues, the holy man endu-  
res; that which the slaue borrows  
his Lord pays; that which man cõ-  
mitts, God vndergoes. How lowe,  
ô Sonne of God, how lowe did thy  
humility descend? how highe did  
thy charity burne vp? how farr did  
thy

thy piety proceed? how wide did thy benignity extend? whether did thy loue aspire? and where did thy compassion arriue? For it is I, who haue done wickedly, and thou art punished. I, who haue committed the cryme, and thou art layd vpon the *Racke*. I, grewe proude, and thou art humbled. I was puffed vp, and thou art extenuated. I haue showed my self disobedient, and thou being obedient, doste answere for the payne dew to that disobedience. I haue obeyed the temptation of gluttony, and thou art halfe consumed, for lacke of meate. Distempered affection drewe me on a pace, to vnlawfull concupiscence; and perfect charity was that, which led thee on to the *Crosse*. I presumed to doe that which was forbidden, thou didst vndergoe torments. I am delighted with meate, thou art in labour vpon the *Crosse*. I am fed with delight, thou art torne with nailes. I tasted the sweetnes of the *apple*; thou the bitternes of *gall*. *Ene* laughs, & congratulats my sinn with me; but *Mary* weeps to thee, through her

*Psal.*  
115.

compassion to me. Behold, O King of glory, behold how my impiety, and thy piety, are made apparent by one an other. Beholde how my iniustice & thy Iustice are made cleerly manifest. What! O my King, and my God, *shall I render for all those things, which thou haste bestowed on me?* For there is nothinge to be found in the hart of man, which is able to hold way, with such mercyes as thyne. Can the sharpnes of mans conceite, thinke of any thinge, to which the mercy of God may be compared? Noe, it is not the parte of a Creature to thinke, that by any seruice, he can make full amends to his Creator.

*Galat.*  
5.

But yet, O Sonne of God, there is somewhat in this admirable dispensation of thine, there is somewhat, wherein my frailty may answer, in some small proportion to what I owe, if by the visitation of thy holy Spirit, my contrite hart, *may crucify my flesh with the vices, and concupiscences therof,* and when this fauour is granted me by thee: I doe already, as it were be-



ginn to suffer sweetly with thee, because thou didest vouchsafe to dye for my sinns.

Thus by the victory of the inward man, he is prepared through thy help, toward an euident triumph; so that the spirituall persecution beinge ouercome, he fears not to submitt himselfe, for the loue of thee, to a materiall sword. And in this manner, if it be pleasinge to thy mercy, the weakenes of our condition wil bee able, accordinge to our little strength, to correspond with the greatenesse of our Creator.

This, O deare Iesus, is that celestiall medicine: this is the antidote of thy loue. I beseech thee, by those ancient mercyes of thyne, infuse some such thing into my wounds, as whereby, I (casting vp the contagion of vipers, which I haue suckt) may be reintegrated to my former health, and that vpon the taste of the Nectar of thy diuine sweetnes, I may be drawn to despise the intiseinge vanities of this world, with my whole hart;

and that, by thy goodnes, I may not be freighted with any aduersity which can happen here ; but, being mindefull of that nobility which is to last for euer, I may still despise, and loath to be transported with the windes of this transitory world. Lett nothinge, I beseech thee, be delightfull to me, without thee. Lett nothinge be pleasinge, nothinge precious, nothing beautifull besides thee. Lett all things, I beseeche thee, growe base, & odious in my accounte without thee. That which is contrary to thee, lett it be troublesome to me, and lett thy good pleasure, be my eternall desire. Lett it be a tedious thing to me, to reioyce without thee ; and lett it delight me, to be greiued for thee. Lett thy very name, be a ioy to my hart ; and lett the comfort of thy memory, *bring my tears, which may be the bread I feed on, day and night,* whilest I seeke thy lawe. And lett that lawe be esteemed by me, *beyonde thousands of gold and siluer.* Lett it be an amiable thinge for me, to obey thee, and execrable to resiste thee. I

*Psal.*

41.

*Psal.*

118.

befeech thee, O my hope, by all thy workes of pittie, that thou wilt haue mercy vpon my sinns. Make mine ears stand open to thy Commandements. And I befeece thee, by thy holy Name, *lett not my hart decline towards the words of malice, to the makeinge of excuses vpon excuses, of my sinns*: and befeece thee also, by that admirable humility of thine, *that the foote of pride may not come towards me, and that the hand of a sinner may not stirr me.*

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CHAP. VIII.

*Heer man exposeth the Passion of the Sonne, to God the Father, for the reconciliation of man.*

**B**Eholde, O thou Omnipotent God, the Father of my Lord, dispose thou graciously, and haue mercy on me. I befeece thee I say, since whatsoeuer I haue conceiued to be best, I haue deuoutly offerred; and whatsoeuer I haue found to be

most excellent, I haue humbly presented to thee. I haue left nothing in my selfe, which I haue not exposed to thy Maiesty; Nothinge now remaines for me to add, for I haue fastned all my hope on thee. I haue directed to thee, thyne owne deare Sonne, who is mine Aduocate. I haue placed that glorious offspringe of thine, as a mediator betweene thee, and me. I haue placed him, as I said, for an intercessor; by whose meanes I hope for pardon. I haue offered by these wordes of myne, that *Word* of thine, who as I said before was sent, for the perdon of my sinnes, and I haue recounted to thee, the Passion of thy most Holy Sonne, which I belecue him to haue endured for me. I belecue that the Deity was sent by thee, and that it tooke vpon it, my humanity; wherein he disdained not to take blowes; and to endure fetters, and spittings, and scornes, yea and the *Crosse*, and *Nails*, and *Launce*.

His *Humanity* was intertained



With the cryes of infancy ; it was bound in , by the swathing cloathes , of that tender age ; it was vexed by the labour , and sweat of his youth ; it was extenuated by fastinge , afflicted by watchinge , and wearied by iourninge. It was afterward loaden with stirpes , and torne in sunder with other torments. *It was ranked amongst the dead* , and when once it was indued with the glory of *Resurrection* , he introduced it into the ioyes of heauen. This is that , which must appease thee , and this must propitiate for me.

Obserue therefore heare , O God with mercy , what Sonne thou hast begotten , and what slaue thou hast redeemed. Obserue who is the Maker , and despise not the thinge which he hath made. Imbrace thou the shepheard with ioy , and with mercy looke vpon that sheepe , which he hath brought home vpon his owne shoulders. This is that most faithfull shepheard , who with many , & great labours , hath sought this poore sheepe , which so long was erring

Luc. 15

vp and downe, by those abrupt, and rocky hills, and by those precepices, which ouer looke those vales. And who when it was euen dyinge, through the faintnesse to which it was growen by that tedious errour, and exile; yet as soone as he could meete with it, he did with ioy putt himselfe vndearneth it; and with an admirable exercise, and strife of charity, he raised it out of that profound pitt of confusion; and haueinge imprisoned it in his owne bosome, by deare imbracements, he brought that *one* which he had last, to the *ninty nine* which he had left.

Behold, O Lord my Kinge, and my God Omnipotent! Behold how the good *Pastor* brings thee, that which thou haste committed to his charge. He vndertooke the saluatiō of man by thy direction, and he restores him to thee, free from all infection. Behold how thy most deare Sonne reconciles thy Creature to thee, which had wandred from thee so farr. Behold how that meeke *Pastor* of mine, brings back to thy flocke, that which the violent theefe

had driven away. He restoreth that  
flaue to thy sight, whome his owne  
conscience had made a fugitiue; that  
he, who of himselfe deserued pu-  
nishment, by meanes of him, may  
obteyne pardon; and that he to  
whome hell was due for his sinnes,  
by the meanes of so great a Cap-  
taine, may confide that he shalbe re-  
called to his country. I was well able,  
O holy Father, to offend thee of my  
selfe; but of my selfe, I was not able  
to appease thee. Thy beloued *Sonne*,  
O my God, is become my helper,  
participateinge of my humanity;  
that he might cure my infirmity;  
that so from whence, the cause of  
mine offence was growen, from  
thence he might offer the sacrifice  
of praise to thee; and might thereby  
make me acceptible to thy mercy;  
since he sheweth himself, *sitting at  
thy right hand*, as a confort of my sub-  
stance, and nature. Behold, this is  
my hope, this is all the confidence I  
haue. If thou despise me, as thou  
hast reason for my sinn, yet looke  
back vpon me at least with mercy;  
for the loue of thy beloued *Sonne*.

Consider that, in thy *Sonne*, wherby thou maiste take pittie vpon the *slane*.

Behold the mistery of his *Incar-nation*, and pardon the sensuality of my conuerlation. As often as thou beholdest the wounds of thy blessed *Sonne*, I beseech thee, lett my wickednes shrinck out of thy sight. As often as the pretious blood, lookes read from that holy side, I beseech thee, that the spotts of my corruption may be washed away. And as *flesh* prouoked thee to wrath, so lett *flesh*, I beseeche thee, procure thy bendinge towards mercy. And in fine, as *flesh* seduced vs to sinn, so lett *flesh* bring vs back to pardon. It is much that my impiety deserueth; but yet it is much more which the piety of my Redeemer doth iustly exact. My iniustice is great, I confesse it: but farr greater is the Iustice of my Redeemer. For, as much as God is Superior to man, so much is my malice inferior to his goodnes, both in quantity and quality.

For in what hath man sinned,



wherein the Sonne of God, being made Man, hath not redeemed him. What pride was able to swell so highe as that, so great humility would not be able to beate it downe? What dominion of death could be so absolute, which the torment of the *Crosse*, indured by the Sonne of God, will not destroy. Infallibly, O my God, if the *faults* of a sinfull man, and the *grace* of him who redeemed them, be putt into an equall ballance, the *East* will not be found so farr distant from the *west*. Nay the lowest parte of *hell*, will not be found so farr distant from the highest pich of *heaven* as they two will be.

Now therefore, O thou most excellent Creator of light, pardon my faults, through the immense labours of thy beloued Sonne. Lett now I beseech thee, his piety propitiate for my impiety; is modesty for my peruersity; his meekenes for my rudenes; his humility for my pride; his patience for my impatience; his benignity for my harshnes; his obedience for my disobedience;

his tranquillity for my vnquietnesse;  
his sweetenes for my bitternesse; his  
suauity for my anger ; and let his  
charity ouerworke my cruelty.

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## CHAP. IX.

### *Of the innocation of the Holy Ghost.*

**O** *Lone* of that diuine power; the  
Holy communication of the  
Omnipotent *Father*, and of the most  
blessed *Sonne*, O thou Omnipotent  
*Holy Ghoste*, the most sweete com-  
forter of the afflicted ; slipp thou  
downe euen very now, by thy puis-  
sant vertue, into the most secret  
corners of my hart, and by the splē-  
dor of thy cleere light, illuminate, (O  
thou deere dweller in our fowles)  
these darke retreys of our neglected  
habitations ; and by thy visitation,  
and by the abundance of thy dewe  
from heauen, make my fowle growe  
fruitfull, which by reason of so lōge  
adrought, is all deformed and de-

dayed. Wound thou the most rety-  
red parts of this inward man, with  
the darts of thy loue; and inflame,  
and pearce the very marrow of my  
dull hart, with those heathfull fires  
of thine. And by the flame of thy ho-  
ly seruour, illuminate thou and feed  
the very interior, both of my whole  
body and minde.

Giue me once to drinke of the tor-  
rent of thy delights: that now I may  
noe more haue a minde, so much as  
once to taste, of the pestiferous  
sweetnesse of worldly things. Iudge  
me, ô Lord, and discerne my cause from  
all wicked people, and teach me to doe  
thy will, for thou art my God. I beleue  
therfore, that whomesoeuer thou  
dost inhabite, thou dost build vp a  
dwellinge place in him both for the  
Father and the Sonne. Blessed is he,  
who shall arriue to intertayne thee;  
because by thee, both the Father and  
the Sonne wil remaine with him.  
Come, come euen now, O thou  
moste benigne Comforter of all  
woefull sowles. Thou, who prote-  
ctest them, when they haue most  
need, and art their helper in tribu-

Psalm  
141.

latiō. Come, ô thou clenſer of ſinns,  
and thou curer of wounds. Come, ô  
thou ſtrength of the weake, ô thou  
who ſtayeſt ſuch as are falling. Come  
ô thou teacher of the humble, and  
diſtroyer of the proude. Come, ô  
*deare Father of Orphants*, and fauo-  
rable Iudge of widowes. Come, thou  
hope of the poore, & thou cheriſher  
of ſuch as fainte. Come thou pro-  
pitious ſtarr of ſuch as ſayle, & thou  
hauen, againſt the danger of ſhip-  
wrack. Come, ô thou excellent or-  
nament, of ſuch as liue; & the onely  
helpe of ſuch as dye. Come, ô moſt  
holy *Spirit*: Come, and haue mercy  
on me; make me fitt for thy ſelf, &  
condiſcend to me with pittie, that  
my meaneneſſe may growe pleaſing  
to thy greatneſſe, and my weakenes  
to thy ſtrength. According to the  
multitude of thy merces; through  
*Ieſus Chriſte my Saviour*, who with  
the *Father* doth liue & reigne in thy  
vnity, for euer, and for euer. Amen.



## CHAP. X.

*The Prayer of the Seruant of God  
conceaining humbly of  
himselfe.*

**I** Knowe, O Lord, I knowe, and  
I confesse that I am not worthy,  
that thou shouldest loue me; but  
yet at least, it is certaine, that thou  
art not vnworthy to be beloued by  
me. It is true that I am vnworthy to  
serue thee; but it is also true, that  
thou art not vnworthy to be serued  
by thy Creatures. Giue me therfore  
somewhat, O Lord, of that which  
maketh thee so worthy, and so I  
shall growe worthy, who am vn-  
worthy. Make me cease from  
finne, by what meanes thou wilt;  
to the end that I may serue thee  
as I ought. Grant that I may so ad-  
dresse, and order, and end my  
life, that I may sleepe in peace,  
and repose in thee. Grant that in the  
end, the sleepe of death may

receiue me with rest, rest with security, and security with eternity. Amen.

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## CHAP. XI.

*A Prayer to the blessed Trinity.*

**V**VE confesse, with our whole hart, and mouth, we praise and blesse thee, O God the *Father*, who art vnbegotten; and thee, O God the *Sonne*, who art the *only begotten*; and thee, O God the *holy Ghost* who art the *Paraclete*. To thee, O holy, and indeuiduall *Trinity*, be glory for all eternities. Amen.

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## CHAP. XII.

*A Confession of the Omnipotency, and Maiesty of God.*

**O** Supream *Trinity*, O thou sole power, & vndeuided Ma-

Majesty, O God of ours, O Omnipotent God, I confesse to thee, I who am the vnworthiest of thy seruants, and the weakeſt of thy members. I confesse to thee in thy Church, and I giue thee honor, by offering thee a due sacrifice of praise, according to that little power, and skill, which thou haſt vouchsafed to afford me, thy miserable creature. And because I haue no external presents, which I can make to thee, therefore these desires, and vowes of seruice and praise, which by the giſt of thy mercy are in me: Behold, *how with a faith not fained, and with a conscience pure*, I offer them to thee, not onely with a good will, but with a hart, which is full of triumph, and ioy. I belecue therefore with my whole hart, and I confesse with my mouth, O thou King of heauen, and Lord of earth, that thou the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghoste, art in Persons three, and in Substance one, & that thou art God Omnipotent, of one simple, incorporeall, inuisible, and vncircumscribed nature. That there is nothing

either about thee, or below thee,  
or greater then thou; but that thou  
art sublimely, and absolutely per-  
fect, without the least deformity.  
Great without quantity, good  
without quality, eternall, yet wholly  
without *Tyme*. That thou hast  
life without death; that thou art  
strong without any weakenesse;  
true without falshood; euery where  
present, without being scituated  
any where; filling all things, yet  
without any extension; occurring  
euery where, yet without any cross-  
sing, or contradiction. Transcen-  
ding all things without Motion;  
remanieinge in all things, without  
*Station*; creatinge all things, without  
looseinge, or wantinge any thing,  
and rulinge all things without la-  
bour.

Giueinge a begynninge to all  
things, thy selfe haueinge noe be-  
ginninge; makinge all things chan-  
geable, & beinge yet vchangeable  
in thy selfe; beinge infinite in thy  
greatenesse, Omnipotent in thy  
power, souueraigne in thy good-  
nesse, inestimable in thy wisdom,



terrible in thy decrees, iust in thy iudgements, secret in thy thoughts, true in thy wordes, holy in thy works, & splentifull in thy mercyes. Towards sinners, thou art most patiēt; towards penitents thou art most pittifull. Thou art euer the same, eternall, sempiternall, immortall, & vnchangeable God, whome neither space can dilate, nor littlenesse of place can streighten, nor any receptacle can keepe in, or constraine, nor the will vary, nor partiality corrupt; nether doe sad things afflict thee, nor ioyfull things transport thee. From whome neither forgetfullnes takes any thing, neither doth memory restore any thing; neither doe things past passe away; nor future things succeed. To whome neither the first gaue beginninge: nor the continuance of tyme increase: nor shall any accident giue it any end. But thou liuest for all eternity, both before, and in, and through all aages. And lett immortal praise, and eternall glory, and soueraigne power, and supream honor, and a Kingdome, & Empire

for all eternity, remaine with thee,  
through those infinite, vnwearied,  
and imortall ages, of ages. Amen.

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### CHAP. XIII.

*How God the Father vouchsafed to  
helpe mankinde, and of the  
Incarnation of the  
Worde.*

**H**Itherto, O Omnipotent God,  
the beholder & searcher of my  
hart, I haue confessed the Omnipoten-  
cy of thy Maiesty, and the ma-  
iesty of thy Omnipotency. But now,  
*as I beleene with the hart to Iustice, so*  
*will I confesse before thee, with the*  
*mouth to saluation, in what sort thou*  
*hast beene pleased, at the end of*  
*many ages, to releiue the misery of*  
*mankinde. Thou, O God, and our*  
*onely Father, wert neuer to be sent*  
*any whither. But of the Sonne, the*  
*Apostle writeth thus, When the full-*  
*nes of tyme was come, God sent his Son-*  
*ne. When he saith sent, he doth suffi-*

*Gal. 4.*

ciently shewe, that then he came  
sent into this world, when being  
borne of the euer B. Virgin Mary,  
he became, and appeared, true and  
perfect man, in flesh. But what is  
that, which that cheife of all the  
Euangelists saith: *He was in the world,* Ioan. i  
*and the world was made by him.* He  
was sent thither in his Humanity,  
who was euer, and is there, by his  
Diuinity. Now, that this Mission is  
the worke of the whole blessed Tri-  
nity, I confesse with my whole hart,  
and mouth.

But how then didst thou loue vs,  
O thou holy and good Father? how  
much didst thou delight in vs, O  
most deare Creator; who didst not  
so much as spare, thyne owne Sonne, Rom. 8  
but didst deliuer him vp for vs wret- Phil. 2.  
ched Creatures: *He was subiect to*  
*thee, euen unto the death, and that, the*  
*death of the Crosse, takeinge the hand* Col. 2.  
*writinge of our sinns, and nailinge it to* Psal.  
*the same Crosse.* He crucified also sinn 87.  
it selfe, and killed death: He, who Ioan.  
onely is free amongst the dead; haueing 10.  
power both to lay downe his life for vs,  
and after ward, to take it vp againe.

Therefore he did both conquer by offering *Sacrifice*, and yet he was the *Sacrifice* which was offered; to the end that the victory might be so obtained. He was the *Priest*, and he was the *Sacrifice*; and therefore the *Priest*, because the *Sacrifice*. Most iustly haue I a strong hope in him, that thou for his sake, who sitteth at thy right hand, and is continually interceding for vs, wilt cure all our languishing diseases. For my infirmities, O Lord, are great and many; great they are and many.

Rom.  
8.

Ioan.  
14.

The Prince of this world hath much to say against me, I confesse it, and I knowe it. But yet deliuer me I beseeche thee, by that Redeemer of mine, who sitteth at thy right hand, in whome he was able to finde noe ill. By him I beseeche thee, to iustify me; by him, who committed noe sinn, nor was there any guile found in his mouth. I beseeche thee by that head of ours, in whome there is noe one little spott, deliuer this member, which yet is his, how weake and poore soeuer it be. Deliuer me, I beseeche thee from my sinns,

1. Pet.  
2.



my vices, my faults, and my negligence. Fill me with thy holy vertues, & make me of most innocent conuersation. And grant, for thy holy namesake, that I may continue euen to the very end, in those good workes, which thou commaundest, according to thy holy will.

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CHAP. XIV.

*Of the confidence which a soule ought  
to haue in our Lord Iesus,  
& in his Passion.*

**I** Could easily haue dispaired, through the excesse of my greiuous sinns, and of my infinite negligences, if thy word, O God, had not become flesh, and had not dwelt amongst vs. But now I dare not despaire, because when we were enimyes, we were reconciled, by the death of thy Sonne, & how much more now, we beinge already reconciled, shall we be saued by him? For all the hope, and stay of all my confidence, doth consist, in that pretious blood

of his, which was shed for vs, and for our saluation. In him doe I re-  
spire; and hopeinge firmly in him,  
I desire that I may arriue to thee;  
not haueinge any iustice of mine  
owne, but that which is in thy *Sonne*,  
our Lord *Iesus-Christe*.

We doe therfore thank thee, O  
most Clement, and benigne loue  
of mankind, who when we weare  
not, didst powerfully create vs, by  
*Iesus-Christe* thy *Sonne* our Lord.  
And when we weare lost, by our  
owne falt, thou didst admirably de-  
liuer, and recouer vs. I giue thanks  
to thy mercy; many thanks doe I  
giue thee, with the whole affection  
of my hart; who through that vn-  
speakable charity, wherewith thou  
didst vouchsafe, with strang good-  
nes, to loue vs miserable, and vn-  
worthy Creatures, didst send thyne  
onely begotten *Sonne*, from thyne  
owne bosome, for our common  
good; so to saue vs sinners, who  
were then the sonns of wrath. I  
giue thee thanks for his holy *Incar-*  
*nation*, and *Nativity*, and for his *glo-*  
*rious Mother*, of whome he vouch-  
safed

saied to assume flesh for vs, and our saluation; that as he was true God of God, so he might also, be true man of man. I thanke thee for his *Crosse* and *Passion*, for his *death* and *Resurrection*; for his *Ascension* into heauen, and for his seat of Maiesty at thy right hand. For vpon the fortieth day after his *Resurrection*, ascendinge aboue all the heauens (whilest his Disciples were lookeing on) and being seated at thy right hand, he did according to his promise, powre forth the *Holy Ghoste* vpon the *Children of adoption*.

Act. 1.

I thank thee, for that most sacred effusion of his most precious *Blood*, wherby we are redeemed; and withall, for that *Sacred*, and *Holy*, and quickninge *Mystery* of his *Body* and *Blood*, which dayly in the *Church*, we eate and drinke, and wherby we are washed and sanctified, and made partakers of that one supream diuinity. I thank thee for this admirable, and vnspeakable charity of thine, wherby thou hast so loued, and saued vs, vnworthy creatures, by that onely, and belo-

*Joan. 3.* ued Sonne of thine. For thou didst  
 so loue the World, as to giue thy onely  
 begotten Sonne, that euery one who be-  
 leeued in him, might not perish, but haue  
 eternall life. And this is eternall life,  
 that We may knowe thee our true God,  
 and whome thou hast sent Iesus-Christe,  
 by vncorrupted faith, and by works  
 Which are Worthy, and sutable to  
 that faith,

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CHAP. XV.

*Of the immense charity of the eternall  
 Father towards mankinde.*

**O** Immense Piety, O inestima-  
 ble Charity; that thou might  
 free thy slaue, thou haste deliuered  
 vpp thy Sonne; God is made man, to  
 the end that wretched man, may  
 be drawn out of the prower of the  
 Diuill. How vnspeakably a benigne  
 louer of man, is thy Sonne our  
 God, to Whose bowels of mercy,  
 it seemed not sufficient, that he  
 should diminish himselfe, so much



as to be made man of the true *Virgin Mary*; vnlesse withall, he had vndergone the torment of the *Crosse*, shedding for his Blood for vs, and for our saluation. Our mercifull God came downe; he came, through his owne pittie, and goodnesse; he came to seeke, and saue, that which was losse. He sought his lost sheepe, he sought and found it, and he brought it home vpon his owne shoulders into his folde. *Luc. 15.*

A deere Lord was this, and a *Pastor* who was truely, and extreame-ly deer. O Charity! O Piety! who euer heard of such things as these? Who is he, that vpon the disclosinge of these bowels of mercy, will not be amazed? Who will not wonder? who will not reioyce, for that excessiue Charity of thine, wherewith thou louedst vs? Thou didst send thy Sonne in the likenesse of the flesh of sinn, that by sinn he might condemne sinn, and that we might be made thy iustice in him. For he is the true unspotted lambe, who hath taken away the sinns of the world; who hath destroyed our death, by dyinge,

*Rom. 8*

and restored our life, by his Resurrection. But what can we returne to thee, O our God, for the benefitts of thy mercy, which are so greate? What praises, and what thanks can we giue? For although we did possesse that knoweledge and power, which the Angells haue, yet should we be vnable, to make returne of any thing which might be worthy of thy mercy and goodnes. If all the parts of our body, were conuerted into tongues, this meanesse of ours would neuer yet be able, to answeare thee with dew praise. For that inestimable Charity, which thou haste beene pleased to shew to vs vnworthy Creatures, through thyne onely pittie, and goodnes, doth farr transcend all our knoweledge. For thy Sonne our God, did not apprehend

*Heb. 2* the Angelicall nature, but the seed of Abraham, being made like to vs, in all things except sinn. And so our Lord, takeinge the Nature, not of Angells, but of men vpon him, and glorifying it with the Stole of holy Resurrection, and immortality; he exalted vs about all the Heauens,

about all the Quires of Angells, and about *Cherubine*, and *Seraphine*, when he was placed at thy right hand. And this *Nature*, doe the *Angells* praise, and the *Dominations* adore, and all the *Vertues* of Heauen tremble, vpon the sight of themselves, and this God and Man.

This is all my hope, and all my confidence. For there is in *Iesus-Christe*, our Lord himselfe, a portion of the flesh, and blood of euery one of vs. Where any parte of me reignes, there I vnderstand my selfe to reigne. Where my flesh is glorified, there doe I conceiue my selfe to be glorious. Where my blood doth beare Dominion, there do I finde my selfe to rule. Though I be a sinner, yet I cannot diffide through the communication of this grace. Though my sinns keepe me back, yet my substance calls me on. Though my offences shutt me out, yet my communion of nature with him, reiects me not. For God is not so cruell, that he can forgett man, and not remember the thinge which he bears about himselfe; and

Which, for my sake, he tooke vpon him, & which for my sake he sought. No, our Lord God, is full of meekenesse, and benignity; and he loues his flesh, and his body, and his bowells, in the same our God, and Lord Iesus Christe, most sweete, most benigne and most clement, in whose person we are already risen, and are ascended into heauen, and are already seated in those altitudes. Our owne flesh loueth vs, and we haue the prerogative of our blood in him. We are his members and his flesh; and he in fine, is our head; and of these parts, the whole body is made, as it is written: *Bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh, and they shalbe two in one flesh.* And againe, *No man did euer hate his owne flesh; but he cherisheth, and loueth it. This is a great mystery, I say in Christ, & in his Church,* saith the *Apostle.*

*Gen. 2.*

*Eph. 5.*



## CHAP. XVI.

*Of the two folde nature of Chrifte our  
Lord, who pittyeeth, and  
prayeth for vs.*

**I** Giue thee thanks O Lord our  
God, with my lipps, and with  
my hart, and with the whole power  
I haue, for thy infinite goodnesse;  
and for all those mercyes, through  
which thou didst vouchsafe, to  
succour vs poore creatures, after  
an admirable manner, by thy Sonne  
our Sauour, and Redeemer, who  
dyled for our sinns, and rose for our  
iustification, and now liuinge in e-  
ternity, doth sitt at thy right hand,  
and intercedeth for vs. And to-  
gether with thee, he taketh pittie  
of vs, because he is God, of thee,  
his Father, coeternall, and consub-  
stantiall with thee in all things,  
wherby he may for euer saue vs. But  
for as much as he is man, in those  
respects wherein he is lesse thē thou,

- Rom.* all power is giuen him, both in Heauen  
 4. and in earth, that at the name of Iesus,  
*Rom.* 8 euery knee may bowe, celestial, ter-  
*Matt.* restriall and infernall; and euery tongue  
 28. my confesse, that our Lord Iesus Christe  
*Philip.* is in thy glory, Omnipotent God the  
 2. Father. He indeed is appointed by  
 thee, to be the Iudge of quick and  
*Ioan.* 5 dead, but thou iudgest noe man, but  
 thou haste giuen all iudgement to thy  
*Col.* 2. Sonne, in whose brest all the treasures of  
*Hier.* wisdom and knowledg are layd vp,  
 29. and hidd. But he is both the witnes,  
*Hebr.* and the Iudge. A Iudge and witnes  
 4. he is, from whome noe sinfull con-  
 science can fly; for all things lye open  
 and naked to his eyes. That very he,  
*Psal.* who was iudged vniustly, shall iudge  
 95. the whole worlde in equity, and the peo-  
 ple in Iustice.

I doe therefore blesse thy holy na-  
 me for all eternity, and I glorify  
 thee, with my whole hart, O mer-  
 cifull, and Omnipotent Lord, for  
 that admirable, and vnspeakable  
 coniunction of thy diuinity and hu-  
 manity, in the vnity of one person,  
 not that God might be one, and  
 Man another, but that God and

Man might be the selfe same, both God and Man. But although, *The word was made flesh*, by strange *Joan. 1.* vouchsafeinge; yet nether of those two *Natures*, is changed into another substance. There is no fowrth person, added to the mystery of the *Trinity*, for the substance of the Worde, of God and Man, was vnited, and not confounded, that so, that might be assumed to God, which he had taken from vs, and yet that, which had beene before, might still continue the same it was.

O wonderfull mystery, O vn-speakable kinde of commerce. O admirable, and for euer to be loued benignity, of the diuine mercy. We were not worthy to be seruants, and yet behold, we are made the Sonnes of God. *Nay, we are the heires of God.* Whence came this to vs, and who brought vs to this? But I beseeche thee, O thou most mercifull God the *Father*, by this inestimable goodnes and piety, and charity of thine, make vs worthy of the many and great promisses of thy Sonne

*Psal.*  
67.

our Lord *Iesus Christe*. Impart of thy strength to vs, and confirme that in vs which thou hast wrought. Perfect that which thou hast begun, that we may deserue to arriue to thy full grace and mercy. Inable vs by thy Holy Spirit, to vnderstand, and deserue, and to reuerence with due honor, this great mystery of piety, which is manifested in the flesh, iustified in the spirit, hath appeared to Angells, is preached to Gentiles, is beleeued in the world, and is assumed to glory.

*Tim. 3*

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## CHAP. XVII.

*Of the thanks which a man owes to  
God, for the benefitt of  
Redemption.*

**O**How deeply are we thy debtors, O Lord our God, being redeemed by so highe a price: being saued by so rich a gift: being assisted by so glorious a benefitt? How much art thou to be feared, loued, blessed, praised, hono-



red and glorified by vs miserable creatures, whome thou haste so loaned, saued, sanctified, and sublymed? For to thee doe we owe all that we can, all that we liue, and all that we knowe. *And who hath any thinge which is not thyne?* Thou art our Lord, and our God, from whome all things proceed. For thy selfe and for thy holy Name, giue vs of thy good things, that by meanes of those goods, and guifts of thyne, we may serue & please thee in deed & truth, and that by way of returne we may dayly render thee all due praise, for so many benefitts of thy mercy. For we cannot serue thee, or praise thee by any other meanes, then of thy guift. *For euery good grace, and euery perfect guift, is from aboue I descending Ioan. 1 from thee, the Father of lights, in whome there, is no change, nor so much as any shadow of mutability.*

O Lord our God! deere God, good God, Omnipotent God, vnspeakable God, whose nature can not be circumscribed, God the ordeyner of all things, & the Father of our Lord Iesus Christe, who diddest send the same beloued

*Sonne* of thyne, our most sweete Lord, out of thy bosome, for our vniuerfall profit to take our life vpon him, that he might bestowe his life vpon vs, and that he might be perfect God, of thee the Father, and perfect Man of his Mother, all God and all Man, and one, and the same Christe, eternall, and temporall, immortall and mortall: Creator, and creature; stronge & weake; triumphant, and yet ouercome; the nurse, and the creature which is nourished; the Pastor & the sheepe: he that dyed for a tyme, and dyed in tyme, and yet is liueinge for all eternity. He promiseinge to such as loued him, that they should be prouided for, said thus to his Disciples: *Whatsoeuer yow shall aske the Father in my name, he will giue it to yow.* By this Supreame Sacrifice, and true Preist, and good Pastor, who offered himselfe in Sacrifice to thee, laying downe his life for his flocke, by him I beseech thee, who sittest at thy right hand, and intercedest for vs, being our Redeemer and Aduocate before thy pittie and goodnesse, I

*Ioan.*

14.

befeech thee, I say, O God, the most deere and benigne louer of mankind, that thou wilt giue me grace, with the same Sonne of thyne, and the *Holy Ghoste*, to praise, and glorify thee in all things, with great contrition of hart, and a fountaine of tears, with much reuerence and trembling, because theirs whose the substance is, theirs also are all the accessaries therof. *But because Sap. 9.* the body which is corrupted, doth depresse the soule, I beseeche thee, to rowse vp my dullnes by thy impulse, and make me perseuere with strength in thy Commaundements, and praises day and night. Grant that my *Pf. 38.* hart may wax warme within me, and that, whilest I am in meditation, the fire may burne. And because thy only Sonne himselve did say: *No man cometh to me, vnlesse the Father who sent me, draw him, and no man cometh to the Father but by me.* I beseech, and *Ioan. 6.* humbly pray thee, be thou euer *14.* draweing me to him, that at last he may bring me thither to thee, where he is sittinge at thy right hand. Where there is an eternall life eter-

nally happy, where there is perfect loue, and noe feare, where there is an euerlastinge day, and one spirit of them all; where there is certaine and supream security, and secure tranquillity, and serene alacrity, and sweet felicity, and happy eternity, and eternall beatitude, and a blessed praise, and vision of thee, which neuer ends. Where thou with him, and he with thee, and both, in the communion of the same Holy Ghoste, doe sempiternally liue, and being God, dost reigne, for euer, and for euer. Amen.



CHAP. XVIII.

A Prayer to Christe our  
Lord.

O Christ my God my hope  
Sweete louer of mankinde,  
Light, life, way, health  
And beauty most refin'd;  
Behould those things which thou  
Did'st suffer, vs to saue;  
The chaynes, the wounds, the Crosse,  
The bitter death, the graue.  
Rising within three dayes  
From conquering death and hell,  
By thy Disciples seene,  
Reforminge mindes so well,  
Vpon the fortieth day  
Climing the Heauens soe high,  
Thou livest now, and thou  
Shalt raigne eternally.

**T**Hou art my liueing and true  
God, my holy Father, my deare  
Lord, my greate Kinge, my good  
shepheard, my onely instructor, my

best helper, my most beautifull  
 loue, my liueinge breade, my Eter-  
 nall Preist, my guide into my coun-  
 try, my true light, my holy sweet-  
 nes, my right way, my excellent  
 wisdome, my pure simplicity, my  
 peaceable concord, my safe custody,  
 my good porcion, my euerlasting  
 saluation, my great Mercy, my in-  
 uincible patience, my imaculate Sa-  
 crifice, my holy Redemption, my  
 firme hope, my perfect charity, my  
 true Resurrection, my eternall life,  
 my excessiue ioy, and most blessed  
*Vision*, which is for euer to remaine.  
 I pray thee, I begg of thee, I beseech  
 thee, that I may walke by thee, passe  
 on by thee, and repose in thee, who  
 art the way, the truth, and the life,  
 without whome, no man cometh to the  
 Father. For thou art he, whome I  
 desire, O thou most sweete, & most  
 beautifull Lord, O thou splendor of  
 thy Fathers Glory, who sittest aboue  
 the Cherubins, and beholdest from  
 thence, the most profound Abysses,  
 which are belowe, thou light, which  
 declareth truth; illuminateing light:  
 light, which neuer leaues to shine,

*Ioan.*

14.

upon whom the Angells desire to looke. 1. Pet. 1

Behold, my hart is before thee, disperse the darknes therof, that by the clearnes of thy loue, it may be yet more fully stricken, and beaten through with light.

Grant thy selfe to me, O my God, restore thy selfe to me. Behold I loue thee, and if it be to little, make me loue thee more. I cannot measure out, to know, how much of my loue is wanting to thee, of that which ought to make, it vp enough. Let my life runn on towards thyne imbracements, and lett it neuer looke aside, till it be all hidden vp, in the hidden ioy of seing thy face. In the meane tyme this I know, that it goes ill with me, when I want thee O Lord. And not onely is it ill with me, in respect of the things which are without me, but in respect of them also which are within me. For whatsoeuer plenty there may be in the world, which is not my God, is noe better to me, then meere beggary. For it is thou alone, who canst not be changed, either into better or worse; thou, who indeed, and

Simply, art alone; thou to whome it is not one thing to *live*, and another thing to *live happily*, because thy selfe is thyne owne *Beatitude*. But thy creature, to whome it is one thing to *live*, and another thing to *live happily*, must not attribute eyther *happy life*, yea or so much as *life*, to any other thing, then thy grace. Therefore is it, that we stand in need of thee, and not thou of vs. For although we had noe being at all, yet there would be nothing wanting to thee, of that compleet good, which thou art.

It concernes vs to adhear still to thee, O Lord, that by thy continuall assistance, we may be able to liue holyly, and vprightly. For we are drawen downe fast enough, by the waight of our frailty; but by thy guifte we are kindled, and carried vpward, and we are inflamed, and we fly on, whether we are goeing, which is towards the peace of Ierusalem. *For I haue reioyced in those things, which haue bene said to me, let vs goe into the*



house of our Lord. There hath a rectified and good will, placed vs; and so, as that we can desire noe more, but that we may remaine there for euer.

But because whilest we be in this body, we are in pilgrimage from thee, 1. Cor. 15. therefore we haue not heer any permanent City, but we expect another which is to come, for our habitation Heb. 13. is in Heauen. And therefore, by the conduct of thy grace, doe I goe into the most retyred corner of my hart, and I sing loue songs to thee, O my Kinge, and my God; groaninge out certaine groanes, which indeed cannot be described, in this place of my pilgrimage; where thy lawe is the song in which I delight my selfe. And calling *Ierusalem* to minde, I extend, and stretch the whole power of my hart towards it: *Ierusalem* which is my Country, *Ierusalem* which is my Mother; And towards thee also who art the ruler, the illuminator, the father, the tutor, the defender, the pastor, the chaste and strong delight therof, the solide ioy,

& all vnspeakable good things; yea all of them together, because thou art the onely supream and true good. Nor will I be drawn a side from this exercise; till thou O my God, and my mercy, shalt draw together all that which I am, from this despersion, and deformity wherein I finde my self, and till thou shalt conforme me to thy selfe, and confirme me therein, for all eternity, in the communion of that most deere Mother of mine, whither the flower and first frutes of my spirit, are already gone before.

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## C H A P. XIX.

*He distinguisheth betweene that Wisdom, which is called the howse of God, and that other Wisdom which is supremely diuine.*

**T**His is that *howse* of thine, O God, noe earthly *howse*, nor yet built of any corporeal thinge in

heaven, but I meane that *spirituall*  
*house*, which is partaker of thyne  
eternity, because it is for euer to re-  
maine without spott; For thou hast *Psal.*  
appointed that it should remaine for euer, *148.*  
and for euer thou haste imposed a precept, *Eccl. 1.*  
and it shall not passe away. Yet that *Ioan. 1.*  
creature, O God, is not eternall, as *Gen. 1.*  
thou art eternall; because it was not  
without beginning; for it was made.  
Of all the Creatures, this *Wisdom*  
is that which was created first. I  
meane not that *Wisdom*, which  
was absolutely coeternall, and coe-  
quall with God the Father, wherby  
all things were created, and in which  
*Beginnings*, heaven and earth was made:  
but I meane the *Wisdom* which is  
created; namely that *spirituall na-*  
*ture*, which by the contemplation  
of thy *light*, is *light*; for euen this,  
although it be created, is called  
*Wisdom*. But as much difference  
as there is, betweane the *light* which  
doth *illuminate*, and that which  
groweth to be *light* by being *illumi-*  
*nated*; so much difference also there  
is, betweane thee, who art the su-  
preame *Wisdom*, creatinge all things,

- and this other which is created; as also there is berweane that *Iustice* which *iustifieth*, which is thy selfe, O our God, and that *Iustice* Which is produced in vs by our beinge *iustified*. For vve also are called the *Iustice* of God the Father, in thee, vwho art his Sone our Lord, by the testimony of the *Apostle*. Though therfore, the first of all the creatures was a kinde of *Wisdome* (Which was made to be a rational, & intellectuall mind; inhabiting thy holy Citty, our mother vvhich is aboue, and vvhich is free, and eternall in the Heauens) & What Heauens but those Heauens of the Heauens, Which praise thee, because this is that, Wherof it is said, *The Heauens of the Heauens to our Lord*, & although we finde no *Tyme* before that Creature, because it was before the creation of *Tyme*, as being the first of all the creatures; yet neuerthelesse thou art before it. O Eternall God, the Creator of all things, from Whome, as soone as it was made; it tooke a beginninge, though not indeed, of *Tyme*, because *Tyme* was not then created; but yet a beginninge of that nature, Which it was come to
2. Cor.  
5.
- Gal. 4.
- Psal.  
113.



haue. It came therefore so from thee,  
O Lord our God, as that it is cleerly  
another thing then thou art. For al-  
though I finde noe *Tyme* neither be-  
fore it, nor in it, it is yet neuertheles  
fitt to behold thy face; neither is it  
euer diuerted from thence, and  
herevpon it growes, that it is not  
subiect to any chāge. Yet a kinde of  
mutability is still in it, wherby it  
would growe all darke and cold, vn-  
lesse, by adhearinge to thee, with an  
excessiue loue, it did like a sunn,  
which vvere euer bright as at noone  
day) both shine, and boile vp with  
heat towards thee.

In fine, that creature doth so ad-  
hear to thee, our true God, who art  
truely eternall, that although it be  
not coeternall to thee, yet neuerthe-  
lesse it is not discharged, nor distrac-  
ted from thee, into any variety, or vi-  
cissitude of tyme. But it reposeth in  
the most true contemplation of thee  
alone. For to such, O Lord as loue  
thee, as much as thou commandest,  
thou dost cleerly discover thy selfe,  
and it sufficeth, and fully serueth  
theire turne. And from hence  
it growes, that the Angells doe

neuer decline, either from thee, or from themselves ; but perpetually they remaine in the same state, incessantly beholding thee, and incessantly loueing thee, who art the true light, and the chaste loue. O how blessed and sublyme is this Creature of Creatures; most happy in eternally adhearing to thy beatitude; happy and excessiue happy, in haueinge thee to inhabite, and to illuminate it, and that for euer. Nor can I finde what I may more fitly call *this heauen of the heauens to our Lord*, then that howse of thine, which is contemplateinge thy delighte, without any defect at all, and without the least inclination to departe from that affect to any other; that pure minde, most intirely one, that establisshement of those blessed spirits in the foundation of peace, in those heauens aboue, which are yet aboue these heauens which we see.

Hereby my soule (whose pilgrimage is so far of from thee) may vnderstande, *if now it haue not reason to sigh towards thee*; and if now my

tears, are not to be made the bread Psal.  
wheron I feede; and if now I haue not 41.  
cause, to desire that one thinge, and to Psal.  
begg it agayne and agayne, that I may 25.  
inhabite thy howse all the days of my life.  
And what is the life of that howse,  
but thou; and what are the days  
therof, but thy eternity, as thy years  
are, which neuer faile. Let therefore  
my soule vnderstand here, as well as  
it can, how sublymely thou art Eter-  
nall before all tymes, since that howse  
of thyne, which neuer wandred from  
thee, although it be not coeternall  
with thee, yet by reason that it ad-  
heareth to thee, without any failing,  
or euer faintinge, it vndergoeth noe  
variety of tyme. But sucking vp thy  
immutability, with a perpetuall &  
perseneringe purity of minde, it  
doth at no tyme, and in noe place  
depart from thee, to whome it  
cleaues with vnseparable loue, & to  
whome thou art euer present. And  
so, haueinge no future which it may  
expecte, nor any transitory thing  
past, which it may remember; it is  
not varied by any turnes, nor exten-  
ded by any tymes.

## CHAP. XX.

*He prayeth that the spirituall howse  
of God, may pray for him.*

**O** Thou bright and beautifull  
howse of God, I haue loued thy  
comelynesse, and the place of the habi-  
tation of the glory of my Lord God  
who did both build thee, and doe  
possesse thee. Lett this pilgrimage  
of myne, send sighes to thee, day  
and night, lett my hart pant to-  
wards thee; lett my minde intend  
thee; and lett my soule desire to ar-  
riue to the Society of thy beati-  
tude. I beseeche him who made  
thee; that he will possesse me in  
thee, for it is he who made both  
thee & me. Or rather doe thou de-  
sire and beseeche of him, that he will  
make me worthy of the participa-  
tion of thy glory. For I doe not  
challenge thy holy Society, nor thy  
admirable beauty, by any merite  
of mine; but I despaire not to ob-



teine it, by the Blood of him who redeemed me. Onely let thy meritts help me, let thy most holy and most pure Prayers, which by noe meanes can want efficacy with Almighty God, come in succour of me against my sinns.

*I confesse that I haue wandred like Psal.  
a lost sheepe, and my habitation here 118.  
is prolonged, and I am cast farrof from Psal.  
the face of my God, into this blinde- 119.  
nesse of banishment. Where, being  
driuen from the ioyes of Paradise,  
I am dayly lamentinge with my  
selfe, the miseryes of my captiui-  
ty; and I singe a mornefull songe,  
and I make huge lamentations,  
when I remember thee, O Ierusa-  
lem who art my mother, & whilest  
I finde my feete standinge in thy  
outward Courts, O thou faire and  
holy Sion; but am not able so much  
as to looke into those interior parts  
of that Temple. But yet I hope  
that I shall once be brought into  
thee, vpon his shoulders, who is  
my Pastor, and who wasthy build-  
der, that I may triumphe with thee,  
in that inspeakable ioy, wherewith*

they reioyce , who stand with thee  
before God our Sauour himselfe,  
who discharged our enmityes in his flesh,  
and who pacified all things which are  
both in Heauen and in earth, by his  
Eph.2. blood. For he is our peace, who made  
both to become one ; and who ioyned  
in him selfe, those two walls, which  
went by contrary ways. Ordeyninge  
thy permanent felicity , and promif-  
sing that he would giue himselfe to  
vs, accordinge to the same measure,  
sayinge : *And they shalbe equall to the*  
Matt. *Angells of God in Heauen. O Ieru-*  
22. *salem, thou eternall howse of God,*  
be thou (after the charity of Christe  
our Lord ) my ioy , and my com-  
fort , and let the sweet memory  
of thy blessed Name , be the dis-  
charge of all my weerinesse , & trou-  
bles.

## CHAP. XXI.

*How full this life of ours, is, of  
bitternesse.*

**O** Lord I am extreameley weary of this life, and of this woefull pilgrimage. This *life*, this miserable life, fraile life, vncertaine life, laborious life, vncleane life. *Life* which is the lady of wicked men, the queene of proude men, full of miseries and errours, which deserues not to be call'd a *life*, but a *death*, since we are dying in euey moment, by diuers kinds of death, through the seuerall miseries and changes, which we are subiect too. Doth therfore this, which we liue in this world, deserue to be called a life; when humors make vs swell, and greife extenuates, and vnnaturall heat dryes vp, and impressions of the ayre infect. Meat maketh farr, fasting maketh leane, mirth rotteth, sorrow consumeth, care straitneth,

security stupifyeth. Riches make vs boſte; pouerty caſts vs downe; youth makes vs growe ; age makes vs ſtoope; ſicknes breakes vs; & ſorrow oppreſſes vs. And to all theſe miſeryes, furious death ſucceeds, and at a clapp doth ſo impoſe an end vpon this miſerable life, that as ſoone as it hath left to *be*, it is ſcarſe beleeued, that euer it *was*.

This *vitall death*, and this *mortall life*, although it be all ſprinckled with theſe, and many other bitter miſeryes: alas, alas, it doth yet take very many, by the inticeinge pleaſures therof, and it deceiues them, by the falſe promiſſes which it makes. And although, of it ſelfe, it be ſo very biting, & ſo bitter, as that it cannot be concealed from her blinde louers; yet are there an infinite number of fooles in the world, whome ſhe intertaynes & inebriates, with the golden challice which ſhe hath in her hand. Happy are they (but they are to fewe) who reſuſe her familiarity, who diſpiſe her ſleight entertaniements, and ioys; & who forſake all ſociety with her, leſt they be



forced to perish with that deceiuer,  
when she perisheth.

CHAP. XXII.

*Of the felicity of that life, which our  
Lord hath prepared, for them  
that loue him.*

**O** Thou life, which our Lord hath prepared for them who loue him. O thou vitall life, happy life, quiett life, secure life, beautifull life, pure life, chaste life, holi life; *life* which knowes not what belongs to death; which knowes not what belongs to sorrow; *life* without spott, without greife, without anxiety, without corruptiō, without perturbatiō, without variety, and mutation: *Life*, toppfull of all excellency, and dignity; where there is noe aduersary to impugne vs; noe inticeinge baite of sinn to allure vs; where there is perfect loue & noe feare; & an euerlasting day, and one *1. Ioan.* spiritt of vs all; where God is seene face 3. to face; & where the soule is full fedd with this foud of *life*, without all defect.

I am resolued to looke stiffly towards thy light; Thy felicity, delights and drawes me to thee with a greedy hart. The more I consider thee, the more doe I languish with thy loue, and with a vehement desire of thee; and I am extreemely delighted with the sweete remembrance of thee. I am therefore resolued, I am resolued to cast vp myne eyes to thee, to erect the state of my minde, and to conformance the affections of my will to thee. I am resolued to talke of thee, to heere speake of thee, to write of thee, to confesse with others of thee; daily to read somewhat of thy felicity & glory; & when I shall haue redd it, to reuolue it very often in my hart; that at least by this meanes, I may passe on from the burninge heats, and dangers, & toying labours of this mortall, & *dying life*, to the sweete refreshing of that vitall aire of thyne; and that I may proceed at last, (when I shall lay my selfe downe to sleepe) to repose my head a little, in that bosome of thyne.

To this end, I enter now and

then, into those sweete feilds of thy holy Scriptures ; and whilest I am turninge ouer those leaues, I gather the fresh flowers of sentences from thence. By reading them I eat ; by frequenting them I ruminare ; and by gathering them vp at last, I lodge them in the deepe receptacle of my memory ; that, by this meanes, haueing taken a taste of thy sweetnes, I may feele the bitternes of this most miserable life, so much the lesse. O thou most happy life, O Kingdome which art truely blessed, free from death, and farr, from haueing an end, to which noe tymes shall euer succede, where that day which is still continued without night, admitts of noe *Tyme* ; where the conquering souldiers being associated to those chantage quire of Angells, sing that *Canticle of the Canticles of Syon*, to Almighty God, without ceasinge ; the garland of triumph imbraceinge their glorious heads, & that for euer.

I would to Christe, that my sinns beinge once forgiuen me, and then this burden, beinge layd downe, I

might be assigned to eternall rest ; &  
 might inter into thy ioyes , within  
 those excellent and beautifull walkes  
 of thy Citty ; receiuinge the crowne  
 of glory from the hand of my Lord  
 That I might be present , with  
 those most holy Quires of *Angells*  
 That together with those blessed  
 Spirits , I might concurr to glo-  
 rify our Creator ; that I might  
 vewe the present face of Christ  
 our Lord ; that I might for euer be-  
 hold that supream, vnspeakable, &  
 vncircumscribed *light* : and that so  
 not being subiect to any feare or  
 death, I might for euer reioyce, in  
 the euerlastinge endowment of im-  
 corruption.

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### CHAP. XXIII.

*Of the felicity of that holy soule which  
 departeth hence.*

**H**Appy is that soule , which  
 beinge discharged from the  
 body of earth , goes freely vp to



est; &  
within  
walls  
croune  
Lord.  
with  
Angells;  
blessed  
to glo-  
might  
Christe  
uer be-  
able, &  
that so  
eare of  
yce, in  
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le which

which  
om this  
y vp to

heauen, and which in peace, & safe,  
and not fearing either any enemy, or  
death it selfe. For it will then haue  
present, and it shall for euer behold,  
that most beautifull Lord, whome it  
hath serued, and whome it hath lo-  
ued, and to whome it arriueth then,  
all full of glory, and ioy. This glory  
of so great beatitude, no tyme shall  
diminish, nor noe wicked man ra-  
uish from vs. *The Daughters of Syon* Cant. 6  
*saw this soule, and did publish it to be*  
*most happy; The queenes and the concu-*  
*bines saw it sayinge, Who is this, which*  
*goeth forward like a riseinge morninge,*  
*faire like the Moone, bright like the*  
*Sunn, and terrible like a pitched feild*  
*of armed men? How ioyfully doth she*  
*goe forth, make haste, and runn,*  
*when with astonished ears, she hears*  
*her Spouse say thus: Rise vp, and* Cant. 2  
*make haste, O thou my freind, and*  
*my beautifull creature, and come with*  
*me; for now the VVinter is ouer-past,*  
*the Storme is gone, and hath hidd it*  
*selfe; the flouvers haue appeared in our*  
*Soyle, the tyme of pruninge is now*  
*come, the voice of the turtle hath*  
*beene heard in our land; The figg*

tree, hath brought forth her young  
fruite, the vines are in flower, and  
send forth their odour. Rise up, make  
haste, O thou my freind, my faire  
Creature, my dove, in the holes of  
the Rocke, in the hollowes of the  
house; Shew me that face of thine,  
lett thy voice sound forth in my ears;  
for thy voice is sweete, and thy face  
is full of comlinesse, and grace. Come  
my elected, and my beautifull Crea-  
ture, my dove, my immaculate, my  
Spouse. Come, and I will place my  
throne in thee, because I have had a  
greedy desire of thy beauty. Come,  
that thou maist reioyce in my seate,  
with my Angells, whose society I  
have promised thee. Come, after  
many dangers, and labours, and  
enter into the ioy of thy Lord, which  
none shalbe able to take from  
thee.

## CHAP. XXIV.

*He inuoketh the Saynts.*

**H**Appy are all yow, O Saynts of God, who now haue passed through the sea of mortality, and haue obteyned to arriue at the gate of eternall quietnesse, security, & peace, your selues beinge peacefull and secure, and perpetually full of triumph and ioy. I beseeche yow, by your owne Charity: yow, who are secure concerninge your selues, be yet sollicitous concerninge vs. Yow are secure, concerninge your owne incorruptible glory; be yow sollicitous of our manifold misery. By him I beseech yow, whoe chose yow, who made yow what yow are; in the fruition of whose beauty yow are satiated; by whose imortality, yow are now immortalized; by whose most blessed *vision*, yow are continually in ioy; be yow also continually mindfull of vs. Helpe vs miserable creatures, who in the salt

waters of this life, are tossed, with stormes ronne about vs. Yow are those most beautifull gates, who haue beene erected, to a huge altitude; O giue some helpe to vs, who are noe better then a base pauement, lying so farr vnderneath yow. Stretch forth your hand, & raise vs vp vpon our feete, that we re conering out of our infirmity, may become strong, and fitt for warr. Intercead, & pray with constansy, and perseuerance, for vs miserable, and most negligent sinners; that by your Prayers, we may be ioyned to your holy society, for otherwise we shall not be saued. For we are extreemely frayle; and of no strength or vertue, miserable, base wretches; beasts, who care but for the belly, the slaues of flesh & blood, in whome the very shadow of goodnes. doth scarce appeare. And yet not withstandinge, beinge placed vnder the confession of Christe our Lord, we are borne vp, by the wood of his *Crosse*, whilest we saile through this great and spacious sea; where there are creepinge creatures without number: where there are



wilde beasts, great and small, where there is a most cruell dragon, euer ready to deuour vs, where there are places full of dangers, as *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and innumerable others; where carelesse persons, and they who are of a wauering faith, suffer shipwrache. Pray yow to our Lord, pray O yow who are full of pittie, pray all yow troopes of Saintes, and all yow companies of blessed Spiritts, that beinge assisted by your Prayers, and meritts, we may, with our shipp and merchandize obteyne to arriue sound & safe, at the hauen of eternall saluation, & quietnes, and continuall peace, and of that security which must neuer haue an end.

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CHAP. XXV.

*The desire of the soule toward the supernall City of Ierusalem.*

**O** *Ierusalem*, that art my mother,  
O thou Holy City of God,  
thou most deere Spouse of Christ our

Lord, my hart loues thee, and my  
soule is extreamely desirous to enioy  
thy beauty. O how gracefull, how  
glorious, and how noble art thou

*Cant.* Thou art all faire, and there is noe on  
4. spott in thee. Exult, and reioyce, O

thou faire Daughter of the Prince  
*Psal.* for the King hath beene in concupiscence

44. of thy beauty: and he who excelleth  
all the Sonnes of men in beauty  
hath beene taken by that sweetnes  
and grace of thyne. But what kind  
of man, is that beloued of thyne, who  
so much beloued, O thou fairest of

*Cant.* 5 woemen? My beloued is white and

*Cant.* 7 read, the choise of a thousand. As

*Cant.* 5 fruite tree in the midst of a wild

*Cant.* 3 wood, so is my beloued, amongst the

Sonnes of men: Vnder his shadowe  
whome I haue desired, behold I sit  
downe with ioy, and his fruite is sweet  
to my throat. My beloued putt forth  
his hand through a diuision in the wall  
and my belly trembled vpon that touch  
of his. I haue sought him whome my  
soule loues; in my little bedd by night.  
I haue sought him, and I haue found  
him: I hold him fast, and I will not  
lett him goe, till he introduce me into

his howse, and into his chamber, which is this glorious mother of mine. For there, shalt thou giue me those most sweete brests, more abundantly and more perfectly; and thou shalt satisfie me with so admirable a society, and so, as that I shall hunger, and thirst noe more, for euer.

O happy sowle of mine, happy for euer, and for euer, if I may obteyne to behold thy glory, thy beatitude, thy beauty; those gates and walls of thyne, those streets of thyne, those many mansions of thyne, those most noble citizens of thyne, and that most renowned Kinge of thyne our Lord, who is there, in his Maiesty and beautye. For thy walls are of pretious stones, thy gates are of most Orient pearle, thy streetes are paved with purest gold, wherein that ioyfull *Alleluia* is perpetually sung. Thy many mansions haue theyr foundation of squared stone, built vp with saphirs, & couered with plates of gold, where no man shall enter, who is not cleane, no man inhabite who is defiled. Thou art made faire, and sweete in thy delights, O Ie-

*rusalem* our mother. There is no such thing in thee, as we suffer here, yet or such as we see, in this miserable life of ours. There is no darkenesse, or night in thee, or any diuersity of tymes. In thee there shines no light of the lampe, noe splendor of the Moone, noe beame of the Starrs, but *God of God, light of light*, the Sonne of Iustice, is euer illuminateinge thee. The white and imaculate lamb, that cleere, and most beautifull light of thine. Thy Sonne, and thy claritie, and all thy good, is that indeficient contemplation, of this most beautifull King.

The King of Kings himf selfe, in the midst of thee; and his Children, are circling him in, round about: There are those musick Quires of Angells, there is that congregation of heavenly Citizens. There is the sweete solemnity, of all them, who are going into triumph, out of this sad pilgrimage of theirs. There is that Quire of the Prophets; There is the intire number of the Apostles; There is the triumphant army of innumerable *Martyrs*.



tyrs; There, is the holy Congregation of blessed *Confessors*; There, are those true, and perfect *Moncks*; There, are those *holy woemen*, who haue ouercome the pleasures of this World, and the infirmity of their sex: There, are yong men, and maides, who haue out runn their years, by the Sanctity of their actions: There, are those sheepe, and lambes, who haue escaped from the snares of terrene pleasure, and they all triumph in their proper mansion. The glory is different of euery one, but the ioy common to them all. True & perfect charity raigneth there, because God is there, who is all in all, whome they see without end, and by euer seeing him, they are all burninge in his loue. They loue and praise him, & they praise & loue him. All the worke they doe, is the praise of God without end, without euer laueinge, and yet without euer labouringe. Happy shall I be, and for euer truely happy, if after the resolution of this poore body of mine, I may obteyne to heare those *Canticles* of celestiall melody, which

1. Cor.

11.

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are sung to the praise of that eternall Kinge, by the inhabitants of that supernall Citty, and by those troopes of blessed spiritts.

Happy shall I be, yea too happy, if I also may obteyne to sing my parte there, and to stand in the presence of my Kinge, my God and my guide, and to see him in his glory, as he hath vouchsaifed to promise, saying: *Father, I Will that they whome thou haste given me may be with me, that they may see my glory, which I had with thee, before the creation of the world.* And els where he saith. *Let him who ministreth to me, follow me; and where I am there shall my servant also be.* And yet againe he saith: *He who loueth me shalbe beloued of my Father; and I will loue him, and I will manifest myselfe to him.*

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 CHAP. XXVI.
*A Hymne of Paradise.*

**T**O the springe of purest life,  
 Aspires my withered hart;  
 And my soule confinde in flesh,  
 Employes both strength, and art,  
 Working, suing, struggling still,  
 From exile, home to part.

Whilst she sighes, to see her self  
 In furious tempests tost;  
 She beholdes the glorious state  
 Which she by sinning lost.  
 Present ills, our past contents,  
 Doe make vs thinke of most.

Who can vtter the full ioy  
 Which that high peace doth hold;  
 Where the buildinges founded are,  
 On Orient perles vntold.  
 And all the workes of those high  
 roomes,  
 Doe shine with beames of gold.

The structure is combin'd with stones,  
Which highest price doe passe;

Nay euen the streetes, are pau'd  
with gold

As if it were but glasse.

No trash, no base materiall,  
Is there, or euer was.

The horride cold, or scorching heat  
Hath no admittance there;

The roses doe not loose their leaues,  
For Spring lasts all the year:

The Lilly's whyte, the Saffron redd,  
The Balsam dropps appeer.

The fields are Greene, the plants do  
thriue,

The streames, with hony flowe:  
From spices odours, & frō gummes,

Most pretious liquors growe.  
Frutes hang vpon whole woods of  
trees,

And they shall still doe so.

The season is not changed, for still  
Both Sunne, & Moone are bright.

The Lambe of this faire Citty, is  
That cleare immortall light,



Whose presence, makes eternall  
day,

Which neuer ends in night.

Nay, all the Saints themselves, shall  
shine

As bright as brightest S'unne;  
After triumph, crowned they

To mutuall ioyes shall runne.

And safely count their fightes, and  
foes,

When once the warre is done.

For being freed from all defects,

They feele no fleshly warre.

Or rather, both the flesh & minde,

At length vnited are.

And ioying in so rich a peace,

They can admitt no iarre.

Hauing quitt these fading leanes,

They seeke their roote againe;

And behold the present face

Of *Truthe*, which hath no stayne;

Drinking, at that liuely spring,

Huge draughtes of ioyes in graine.

Thence they fetch that happy state,

Wherein no change they see;

But cleere, and chearfull and content,

From all mishaps are free.

No sicknes there, can threaten health,

Nor young men, old can be.

There, haue they their Eternity;

Their passage, then is past.

They grow, they flourish, and they sprout,

Corruption, of is cast.

Immortall strength, hath swallowed vp

The power of death at last.

Who knowe the knower of all things

What can they choose but knowe?

They all behold their fellowes harts,

And all their secretts shoue.

One act of will, and of not will,

From all their mindes doth flowe.

Though all their merits diuers be

According to their paynes,

Yet charity makes that ones owne,

Which any fellow gaynes,

And all which doth belong to one,

To all of them pertaynes.

To that

To that *body* iustly goe  
The *Eagles* all, for meate.  
Where with Angells, and with  
Saints,  
They may haue roome to eate.  
One *loafe*, can feede them all, who  
liue  
In both these Countries great.

Hungry there, yet euer full,  
They haue what they desire.  
No satiety offends,  
Nor hungar burnes like fire.  
Aspiringly they euer eate,  
And eating they aspire.

There are euer newe concerts  
With songs which haue no end.  
The organs of eternall ioy,  
Doe on their eares attend.  
In prayse of their triumphant King,  
They all, their voyces spend.

Happy Soule, which canst be-  
hold  
This King still present there.  
And from thence, maist see the  
world  
Runn round, secure from feare;

With Starres and Plannettes, Moone  
and Sunn:

Still mouing in their Sphere.

Christ, thou Crowne of Soldiers,  
Grant me this pession,  
When I shall haue leaue to quitt,  
This dangerous profession;  
And vouchsaue to lett me haue,  
Amongst thy Saints, my *session*.

Giue me strenght, who labour in  
This battayle, yet depending,  
That when I haue fought my best,  
Some peace may by attending.  
And I may obreyne thy self,  
As my reward not ending,

Amen.



## CHAP. XXVII.

*Of the continuall praise, which a soule  
conceineth by the contemplation  
of the Diuinity.*

**O** My soule, blesse our Lord, and  
all the powers within me, sing  
praise to his holy Name. O my soule,  
blesse our Lord, and forgett not all  
his benefitts. O all yea workes of our  
Lord, blesse him: and thou, O my  
soule, blesse our Lord, in all the pla-  
ces of his dominion. Let vs praise God,  
whome the *Angells* praise, whome  
the *Dominations* adore, whome the  
*Powers* tremble at, to whome *Che-  
rubin* and *Seraphin* doe thus, with  
a neuer ceasinge voice, proclame,  
*Holy, Holy, Holy*. Let vs ioyne  
our voices, to the voice of the holy  
*Angells*, and lett vs praise this  
Lord, who is common to vs both,  
to the vttermost of our power.  
For they praise our Lord, most  
purely, and incessantly, who are

1. Cor.  
13.

alwayes plunged in that diuine contemplation, *not by a glasse, or in a figure, but face to face.*

But who shalbe able to say, or so much as to thinke, what kinde of innumerable multitude of blessed Spiritts, and celestiall powers, that is, which standeth in the sight of our Omnipotent Lord God? What glory, what endles festiuity they enioy, by the vision of God? What delight, without any defect? What ardor of loue, not tormentinge, but delighting? Who can say, what desire there is, of the *vision* of God, when they haue satiety, and how they can haue satiety with desire? Wherein nether desire, procures any payne, nor satiety breeds any loathing? How they growe to be happy, by adhearing, to that supream beatitude? How they growe to be made *light*, by their conionction with that true *light*? How by euer beholdinge the immutable *Trinity*, themselves are changed into immutability?

But how shall we be able to comprehend that height of Angelicall

dignity, when we are not able, so much as to finde out, the nature of our owne *soule*? What kinde of thing is that, which is able to giue life to flesh, and yet is not able, so much as to conteyne it selfe in good thoughts? What kinde of thing is this, so strong, and so weake, so little, and so great; which searcheth into the secrets of God, and riseth into contemplation of celestiall things; and is prooued to haue found out, with such subtrill power of witt, the skill of so many arts, for the vse of man? What kind of thing is this, which knoweth so many other things, and yet is so wholly ignorant of how it selfe comes to be made? For although many doubtfull things be said by many, about the beginninge of the *soule*, yet we finde it to be a certaine intellectual spirit, a spirit made by the power of the Creator; liueinge after a sort immortally, and quickninge the body which carryes it, which body is subiect to mutability, and to great want of memory, whilest this very spirit is often depressed by feare, and

extolled by ioy. O admirable thinge,  
and to which all astonishment is  
due. Of *God*, the Creator of vs  
all, who is vnspeakable and incom-  
prehensible, we read, we speake,  
and we write excessiue, sublime,  
& wondrous things, without any  
ambiguity at all. But whatsoever  
we say of *Angells*, and *soules*, weare  
not so well able to prooue.

But yet lett the minde passe on  
euen from these thinges, and  
transcend all that which is crea-  
ted. Lett it runn and rise, and  
flutter, and fly through; and lett  
it fix the eyes of Faith, as egerly  
as it can, vpon him who created  
all things. I will therfore, make  
*certaine stepps of riseinge in my hart*;  
and by them I will assend into my  
soule; and by the purest power of  
my minde, I will assend to my  
Lord, who remaines pointe blanck  
ouer my head.

Whatsoever is visibly seene,  
whatsoever is imagined, though  
in a most spirituall manner, I will  
remoue farr of, from the sight of  
my hart and minde, with a strong



hand. Let the pure and *simple* power of my *understanding* passing on, with a speedy flighte towards him, arriue to him who is that Creator himselfe both of Angells and soules, and all things else.

Blessed is that soule, which forsaketh inferior things, and aspieth to them, which are sublyme; and placing the seat of her habitation, in those highe vnhanterd wayes, doth contemplate the Sonn of Iustice, from those mighty rocks, with eagles eyes. For there is nothinge so beautifull, and so delightfull, as with the sharpe sight of the minde, and the eager desire of the hart, to contemplate this God himselfe alone; and after a wonderfull manner inuisibly to beholde him who is inuisible, & so, to taste, not the sweetnes of this world, but of another, and to behold not this inferior kind of *light*, but another. For this *light*, which is shutt vp in *place*, it is ended in *tyme*, it is varied by the interruption of nights; and this *light*, which is common to vs with wormes, and other vnreasonable beasts, in cōparison of

that other *souueraigne light*, is rather to be called *night* then *light*.

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## C H A P. XXVIII.

*What it is to see God, and to inioy him,  
after a sort, and how we are  
to thinke of God.*

**B**Vt although that supream and vnchangeable essence, that indeficient *light*, that *light* which is enioyed by the Angells, can be seene by noe creature in this life; (this being the reward, which is reserued onely for the Saints, who enioy celestiall glory) yet to belecue, to conceaue, to haue a feelinge, and ardently to aspire towards this *Glory*, is to see it, after a sort, and to possesse it. Let our voice therfore extend it selfe beyond the Angells, and lett man contemplate God, with an earnest minde; and lett him, with what words he can, expresse Gods praises, to God himselfe. For it is all reason, that the Creature should

praise his Creator, since he vouchsafed to create vs, that we might praise him, when yet he had noe need of our praises. For his vertue is incomprehensible, he needeth none, but is all sufficient for himselfe. *Our Lord God is great, and his vertue is great, and of his wisdom there is noe end. Our Lord God is Psal. great, and highly worthy to be prayssed. 146. &* Let our soule therfore loue him, let 95. our tongues sing of him, and our hand write of him; and let the faithfull hart imploy it selfe, onely, in these holy thoughts. Let the man of spirituall desires, and a contemplator of celestial mysteries, be dayly recreated, with the most delicious food of this heauenly contemplation; that so being fully fed, with this heauenly repaste, he may cry out with great exclamation, he may cry out with the very bowells of his hart; cry out with excesse of ioy, & say as followeth with a most ardent affection of his minde.

## C H A P. XXIX.

*He declareth many propertyes of  
Almighty God.*

**O** Thou Supreame, most excellent, Omnipotent, most mercifull, most iust, most secret, most present, and most strong; stable and incomprehensible, inuisible, yet seeinge all things; Vnchangeable, yet changeing all things; Immortall, without place, without rearme, or circumscription; Vnlymited, inestimable, ineffable, inscrutable; Immoueable, yet moueing all things; Vnsearchable, vnexpressable, terrible, & to be greatly feared, to be honored, and trembled at, to be worshipped and reueared. Neuer new, and neuer old, and yet innouaring all things, and draweing prowde people into decay though they marke it not. Euer in action, yet euer quiet; gathering together, yet needing nothinge;



carryinge all thinghs, without feeling any waight ; fillinge all things, without beinge included ; creating, protecting, nourishing, and perfecting all things. Thou seekest, and yet thou wantest nothinge: Thou art in loue, yet without passion ; Thou art iealous, yet thou art secure ; Thou repentest, yet thou art not sorry ; Thou art angry, yet thou are not moued ; Thou changest thy workes, but thou neuer changest thy decrees. Thou takest that which thou findest, yet didest thou loose nothing ; Thou art neuer poore, and yet thou art glade of gayne ; Thou art neuer couetous, yet thou exactest vsury at our hands ; We supererrogate to thee so, as to bringee thee into our debte ; and yet who hath any thinge which is not thyne ? Thou payest debts, yet thou owest nothinge ; Thou receauest debts, yet thou loosest nothinge. Thou as one doste quicken all things, thou haste created all things, thou art euery where ; and thou art euery where altogether ; Thou canst be felt,

yet thou canst not be seene: Thou art not wanting any where, yet art thou farr, from the thoughts of wicked euen. But thou art not wanting men there, although thou be farr of from them, because where thou art not present by *Grace*, there thou art present by *revenge*. Thou touchest all things, yet thou touchest them not, all alike. For some, thou touchest onely, that they may *be*, but not that they may *line*, and *feele*, and *discourse*. But some thou touchest, that they may *be*, and *line*, and *feele*; but yet not so, as that withall, they may *discourse*. And some agayne, thou dost so touch, as that they may *be*, and *line*, and *feele*, and *discourse* also. And although thou be neuer vnlike thy selfe, yet dost thou touch vnlike things, after an vnlike manner. Thou art euer present, yet sometymes thou art hard to be found. We follow thee, when thou standest still, and yet we are not able to lay hold on thee, whilest yet thou holdest all things, fillest all things, comprehendest all things, exceedest all things, vn-

dergoest and vphoaldest all things. Neyther dost thou on the one side vndergoe them, and art ouercome by them on the other. Neyther dost thou fill things, on the one side, and yet art comprehended by them, on the other; but by comprehending them, thou fillest them; and by filling them, thou comprehendest them; as by vndergoeing them, thou exceedest them; and by exceeding them, thou vndergoest them. Thou teachest the harts of the faithfull, yet without the noise of words.

*Thou reachest from one end to the other* Sap. 8.  
*strongly; and thou disposest of all things, sweetely.* Thou art not extended, according to the proportion of places; nor art thou varied by the vicissitude of tymes. Thou haste neyther accesse, nor recesse: *but thou inhabitest that inaccessible light, which no man euer sawe, or can see.*

Remanieinge quiet in thy selfe, thou doste make thy circuite about all things, and thou art euery where expressely and intirely all. For thou canst not be deuided or cutt, who art truely all; nor canst thou be made

into partes, because all thou, holdest all, fillest all, and dost possesse, and illustrate all.

The minde of man cannot conceaue the immense profundity of this mystery, nor the tongue of eloquence declare it; nor can learned speach, nor all the volumes of all Libraryes, vnfolde it. If there weare bookes to fill the whole world, yet they could not vnfolde the inexplicable science of thee, because thou art truely vnspeakable; and canst not by any meanes be concluded, nor written of, as thou art, who art the fountayne of diuine light, and the *Sonne* of euerlastinge charity.

Thou art *great*, without *quantity*, & therefore thou art *immense*; thou art *good*, without *quality*, and therefore thou art truely, and *supreamely good*, and there is none good but thou alone, whose will is thy worke, and whose *inclination* is thy power, who didst create all things of nothinge, and thou didst it, by the onely act of thy will. Thou doste possesse all thy creatures, without



needing any of them ; Thou gou-  
uernest them , without labour , and  
thou rulest them without trouble ;  
and there is nothinge , either in the  
alcitudes or profundities , which  
can disturbe the order of thy do-  
minion . Thou art in all places ,  
without being conteyned in any  
place ; Thou conteynest all things  
without circuite ; and thou art pre-  
sent euery where , without eyther  
*scituation* , or *motion* . Thou art not  
the Author of ill , nor canst thou  
doe it ; yet is there nothing which  
thou canst not doe ; nor didst  
thou euer repent thy self of any  
thinge which thou hadest done ,  
nor art thou troubled with any  
commotion , or tempest of thy  
minde ; nor doe the dangers of the  
whole world , drawe any danger  
vpon thee .

Thou commandest not , nor yet  
allowest of any wickednes or sinn.  
Thou neuer lyeest , for thou art e-  
ternall *Truth* . By thy onely *Good-  
nesse* we are made , by thy *Injustice*  
we are punished , and by thy *mer-  
cy* we are deliuered .

Nothing, neither in Heauen, or which is Elementary, eyther of fire, or earth, or any other thing subiect to our sense, is to be worshipped instead of thee, who truly *art what thou art*, and art not changed; and to whome it doth most principally agree, that thou be called that which the Grecians call *On*, and the Latins *Ens*, which signifieth. *The thing which is*, for thou art ever the same, and thy years will neuer fayle.

*Psal.*  
101.

These, and many other things haue beene taught me, by my holy Mother the *Churche*, wherof I am made a member, by thy grace. It hath taught me, that thou, the only one, and true God, art not corporeall, nor passible; and that nothing of thy substance or nature, is any way violable, or mutable, or composed, and framed; and therefore it is certayne, that thou canst not be perceiued, by corporeall eyes; and that thou couldest neuer be seene, in thy proper essence, by any mortall creature. Hereby it is clearly to be vnderstood, that as

the Angells see thee now, so are we to see thee, after this life. But yet, neither are the Angells themselves, able to see thee iust as thou art; and in fine the Omnipotent *Trinity*, is not wholly seene by any, but by thy onely selfe.

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## CHAP. XXX.

*Of the unity of God, and the plurality of Persons in him.*

**B**Vt thou art truly *Unity* in thy diuinity, though manifold in the plurality of thy Persons, so that thou art numerably innumerable; and mesurably immeasurable; & ponderously imponderable. For we doe not pretend, to finde out any beginninge, of that supream goodnesse, which thou thy selfe art, *from whence all things, by which all things, and in which all things*: but we say, that all other things, are good, by the participation of that goodnes. For thy diuine Essence, did euer, and doth

still want *Matter*, although it doe not want *Forme*; namely that *Forme* which was neuer *formed*, the *Forme* of all *Formes*, that most beautifull *Forme*, which when thou dost imprint vpon particuler things (as it might be some scale) there can be noe question, but that (without any mutability in thee, eyther by way of augmentation, or diminution) thou makest to be transferred from thy selfe. Now whatsoeuer is within the compass of created thinges, that also is a creature of thyne. O thou, one *Trinity*, and three in *Vnity*, thou God, whose Omnipotency possesseth, and ruleth, and filleth all things, which thou didst create. And yet we doe not therefore say, that thou fillest all things, as if they did conteyne thee, but rather so, as that they be conteyned by thee. Nor yet dost thou fill them all by partes, nor is it to be thought, by any meanes that enery creature receiueth thee after the rate of the bignesse which it selfe hath; that is to say, the greater, the greater parte; & the lesse, the lesse:



since thou thy selfe, art in them all,  
& all of them in thee; whose Omnipotency concludeth all things; nor can any man finde a way, whereby to make escape from thy powre. For he, who hath thee not, well pleased, wilbe sure not to escape thee, being offended; as it is written, *neither from the East, nor from the West, nor from the desert mountaynes, because God is the Judge.* And els where it is sayd: *Wheter shall I goe from thy spirit, and wheter shall I fly from thy face.* Psalms.  
74.  
Psal.  
138.  
The immensity of thy diuine greatnes is such, that we must knowe thee to be within all things, and yet not included; and without all things, and yet not excluded. And therefore thou art interior, that thou maiste conteyne all things; and therefore thou art exterior, that by the immensity of thy greatnes, thou maiste conclude all things. By this therefore, that thou art interior, thou art showed to be the *Creator*; but by this, that thou art exterior, thou art proued to be the *Gouernour* of them all.

And least all things which are *created*, should be without thee, thou art *interior*; but thou art exterior, to the end that all things may be included in thee. Not by any local magnitude of thyne, but by the potential presence of thee, who art present euery where, and all things to thee are present, though some vnderstand these things, and others indeed, vnderstand them not. The inseparable vnity therfore of thy nature, cannot haue the persons seperable, because as thou art Trinity in Vnity, and Vnity in Trinity, so thou canst not haue separation of persons.

It is true, that those persons are named seuerally; but yet thou art so pleased to show thy selfe, O God, thou *Trinity*, to be inseparable in thy persons, as that there is noe name belonginge to thee in any one of them, which may not be referred to another, according to the rules of relation. For as the *Father* to the *Sonne*, and the *Sonne* to the *Father*; so the *Holy Ghoste* is most truly referred, both to the *Father* & *Sonne*. But those names, which signify thy

substance, or person, or power, or Essence, or any thing which properly is called *God*, doe equally agree to all the persons; As *great God*, *Omni-potent and eternall God*; and all those things which naturally are saide of thee, O *God*. Therefore there is noe name, which concernes the nature of *God*, which can so agree to *God the Father*, as that it may not also agree to *God the Sonne*, as also to *God the Holy Ghoste*. As for example, we say that the *Father* is naturally *God*, but so is the *Sonne* naturally *God*; and so also is the *Holy Ghoste* naturally *God*; and yet not three *Gods*, but naturally one *God*, the *Father*, the *Sonne*, and the *Holy Ghoste*: Therefore art thou *ô Holy Trinity*, inseperable in thy persons, as thou art to be vnderstoode by our mind, although thou haue seperable names in worde; because thou dost, by no meanes, indure a plurall number, in the names belonging to thy nature. For herby it is showed, that the persons cannot be deuided in the *blessed Trinity*, which is one true *God*, because the name of any

one of the *Persons*, doth euer respect  
 an other of them. For if I name  
 the *Father*, I shew the *Sonne*; if I  
 speake of the *Sonne*, I proclame  
 the *Father*: if I speake of the *Hc-  
 ly Ghoste*, it is necessarily to be vn-  
 derstoode, that he is the *Spiritt* of  
 some other, namely of the *Father*,  
 and of the *Sonne*. Now this is that  
 true Faith, which flowes from  
 sound doctrine. This indeed, is the  
*Catholique*, and *Orthodoxall* Faith,  
 which God hath taught me, by his  
*Grace*, in the bosome of his *Church*,  
 which is my *Mother*.

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## C H A P. XXXI.

*A Prayer to the blessed  
 Trinity.*

**M**Y Faith doth therefore call  
 vpon thee, which thou, O  
 Lord haste giuen me, through thy  
 goodnes, for my saluation. Now *the  
 faithfull soule*, liues by Faith. He



now holds that in *hope*, which here-  
after he shall haue *indeed*. I call vpon  
thee, O my God, with a pure con-  
science, and with that *sweete loue*,  
which groweth out of *Faith*, where-  
by thou hast brought me, to the  
vnderstanding of truthe; casting  
away the darknes of ignorance, and  
whereby thou hast drawn me out  
of the foolish bitternes of this  
world; and so accompanying it,  
with the sweetness of thy charity,  
thou hast made it delightfull, and  
deere to me. I doe with a lowde voice  
inuoque thee, O blessed *Trinity*, &  
with that sincere *loue* which groweth  
out of *Faith*, which *Faith*, thou  
haueing nourished euen from my  
cradle, did'st inspire by the illu-  
stration of thy grace; and which  
thou hast encreased and confirmed  
in me, by the documents of my  
*Mother the Church*. I inuoque thee,  
O holy and blessed, and glorious  
*Trinity*, in *Vnity*; the *Father*,  
the *Sonne*, and the *Holy Ghoste*,  
our God, our Lord, and our  
*Paraclete*, *Charity*, *Grace*, and *Com-  
munication*, the *Father*, the *Sonne*,

and the *Illuminator*; the *Fountayne*, the *River*, and the *Irrigation*, or watering. All things by one, and all things in one, from whome, by whome, in whome, all things. One, who liues by his owne life, one, who liueth by another that liues; and one who is the viui fier of all them who liue; One from himselfe, One from one, and One from two. One, being from himselfe, One, being from another, and One, being from two other. The *Father* is true, the *Sonne* is Truth, and the *Holy Ghoste* is Truth. Therefore the *Father*, the *Sonne*, and the *Holy Ghoste* are one essence, one power, one goodnes, one beatitude, from whome, by whome, and in whome, all those things are blessed, which are to be blessed at all.

CHAP. XXXII.

*That God is the true, and soveraigne life.*

**O** Supream God, O Souveraigne life, from whome, by whome, and in whome, all those things doe live, which haue any true, and happy life. O God who art that goodnesse, and that beauty, *from whome, by whome, and in whome,* all those things are faire, and good, which haue any beauty, or goodnesse in them. O God, whose faith doth excite vs, whose hope doth erect vs, and whose charity doth vnite vs. O God, who requirest that we seeke thee, and who makest vs finde thee, and who openest to vs, when we knocke. O God, from whome to be auerted, is to fall? and to whome to be conuerted, is to rise; and in whome to remaine, is to consist. O God, whome noe man looseth, but he

who is deceaued; no man seeketh, but he who is admonished; and noe man findeth, but he who is purged. O God, whome to know, is to liue; whome to serue, is to reigne; whome to praise, is the ioy and saluation of the soule. I praise thee, I blesse thee, and I adore thee, with my lipps, with my hart, and with all the whole power I haue. And I present my humblest thanks to thy mercy, and goodnes, for all thy benefitts; and I sing this Hymn of glory to thee, *Holy, Holy, Holy*. I inuoke thee, O blessed *Trinity*, beseechinge, that thou wilt come into me, and make me worthy to be the Temple of thy glory. I begg of the *Father*, by the *Sonne*: I begg of the *Sonne*, by the *Father*; I begg of the *Holy Ghost*, by the *Father*, and the *Sonne*, that all vice may be farr remoued from me, and that all holy vertue may be planted in me.

O Immense God, from whome all things, by whome all things, in whome all things, both visible and in-



uisible are made. Thou who doste  
compasse in, thy workes, without,  
and fillest them, within ; who dost  
couer them from aboue, and dost  
susteyne them from belowe ; keepe  
me who am the worke of thy hands,  
and who hope in thee, and whoe  
onely confide in thy mercy. Keepe  
me, I beseech thee, here, and euery  
where, now and euer, within, and  
without ; before me, & behinde me ;  
aboue and belowe, and round  
about ; that no place at all, may  
be left, for the treacherous attempts  
of my enimies against me. Thou  
art the Omnipotent God, the  
keeper, and the Protector of all  
such as hope in thee, without  
whome noe man is safe, none who  
can be free from danger. Thou  
art God, and there is noe other  
God but thou, neyther in heauen  
aboue, nor on earth belowe. Thou  
whoe performest workes of  
prowess, and so many wonderfull  
and vnscrutable things, as that they  
exceed all number.

Praise is due to thee, honor  
is due to thee, and to thee Hymns

of glory are due. To thee doe all the Angells, to thee the heauens & all the powers therof, sing Hymns, and praises, without ceaseinge; and all creatures, and euery spiritt doth praise thee, the holy and indiuiduall *Trinity*, as it becomes the creatures to their Creator, the slaues to their Lord, and the souldiers, to their King.

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CHAP. XXXIII.

*Of the praise which men and Angells  
giue to God.*

**T**O thee doe all the Saintes, and they who are humble of hart, to thee doe the spiritts and soules of iust persons, to thee doe all the Citizens of heauen, and all those orders of blessed spiritts sing the hymn of honor and glory, adoringe thee humbly without end. All the Cittizens of heauen doe praise thee, O Lord, after a most honorable and magnificent manner; and man who

is an eminent parte of thy Creatures  
doeth also praise thee. Yea and I  
wretched sinner, and miserable  
Creature that I am, doe yet labour  
with an extreame desire to praise  
thee, and I wish that I could loue  
thee, with excessive loue. O my  
God, my life, my strength, and my  
praise, vouchsafe to lett me praise  
thee. Grant me light in my hart,  
putt thou the word into my mouth,  
that my hart may thinke vpon thy  
glory, and my tongue may singe  
thy praises, all the day long. But  
because *it is noe handsome praise, which* *Eccl. 19*  
*proceeds out of the mouth of a sinner;*  
And because *I am a man of polluted* *Isa. 6.*  
*lipps,* Clense thou my hart I beseeche  
thee, from all spotts; sanctify me,  
O thou Omnipotent sanctifier, both  
within and without, and make me  
worthy to sett forth thy praise. Re-  
ceauue with benignity, and accepta-  
tion, from the hand of my hart,  
which is the affection of my soule,  
receiue I say, the sacrifice of my  
lipps, and make it acceptable in  
thy sight, and make it ascend vp  
to thee in the odour of sweetnes.

Let thy holy memory , and thy most diuine sweetnes , possesse my whole soule ; and draw it vp at full speed , to the loue of inuisible things. Let it passe from the visible to the inuisible ; from the earthly to the heauenly ; from the temporall to the eternall ; and lett it passe on so farr , as to see that admirable vision.

O eternall *Verity*, O true *Charity*, O deer *Eternity*, thou art my God ; to thee doe I sigh day and night ; to thee doe I pant ; at thee doe I ayme ; to thee doe I desire to arriue. He who knowes thee, knowes *Truth*, and he knowes *Eternity*. Thou, O *Truth*, dost pre-  
side ouer all things. We shall see thee  
as thou art , when this blind and  
mortall life is spent , wherein it is  
said to vs , where is now thy God ?  
And I also said to thee : Where  
art thou , O my God ? To thee  
doe I respire a little, when I power  
out my soule towards thee, by the  
voice of my exultation and confes-  
sion , which is as the founde of a

1. *Ioan.*

3.

*Psal.*

41.



man, who is bankquetting, and celebratinge some great festiuitie. And yet agayne it is afflicted, because it falls back, and returnes to be an *Abyssse*; or rather it findes that still it was so. My faith which thou hast kindled, in this night of myne, before my feete, doth say, *VVhy art thou sad, O my soule, and why doste thou afflict me? Hope thou in God; his word is a lanterne to my feete.* Hope, and continue to doe so, till the night (which is the mother of wickednes) doe passe away; till the wrath of our Lord passe away; wherof sometymes we were the Children. *For sometymes we were darknes.* Till this fury of water pass cleane away, we still dragg on, in our body (which is dead through sinne) the reliques of that darknes: Till such tyme as the day shall approach, and all shadowes may be remoued. *I will hope in our Lord.*

In the morrow of the next life,  
I shall assist, and contemplate, and

- Psal. 5.* I will euer confesse to him. In that  
*morrow*, I shall assist, and behold the  
*Rom. 8* health of my countenance, which is my  
 God, who will reuiue euen our mor-  
 tall bodyes, for that spiritts sakes, which  
 dwelleth in vs; that now we may be light,  
 euen whilest we are saued here, by hope.
- 1.*  
*Thess.* That we may be the Sonns of light,  
 and the Sonns of God, and not of  
 5. night, and darknes; For sometymes  
 we were darknes, but now we are light  
*Eph. 5.* in thee, O our God, and yet we are so  
 heere, but by Faith, and not face to  
 face.

All that immortall people of thy  
 Angells praiseth thee O Lord; and  
 those celestiall Powers glorify thy  
 Name. They haue no need to read  
 any such writing as this, towards the  
 makeinge them knowe, the holy &  
 indiuiduall *Trinity*. For they see thy  
 Face for euer, and there they read,  
 without any syllabes of tyme, what  
 that eternall will, requires. They  
 read, they choose, and they loue.  
 They euer read, and that neuer  
 passeth, which they are readinge. By  
 choosinge, and by loueing they read,  
 the very immutability of thy

counsell; and their booke is neuer  
shutt, and their scrowle is neuer fol-  
ded vp; for thy self is all that to  
them, and so thou art to be for euer.  
O how excessiue happy are those  
*powers* of heauen, which are able to  
praise thee, most purely and holily,  
with excessiue sweetnes, and vnspea-  
kable exultation? They praise thee  
for that, in which they ioy; because  
they euer see reason, why they  
should reioice, and praise thee. But  
we, being oppressed by this burthen  
of our flesh, and being cast farr of  
from thy face, in this pilgrimage of  
ours, and being so racked by the  
variety of worldly things, are not  
able worthily to praise thee. Yet we  
praise thee as we can, by *Faith*, though  
*not face to face*; but those Angelicall  
spiritts praise thee *face to face*, & not  
by *Faith*. For our flesh putteth this v-  
pon vs & obligeth vs to praise thee,  
farr otherwise, thē they doe. But how  
foener euen we sing praise to thee in  
a different manner; and yet thou art  
but one, O God, thou Creator of  
all things to whome the sacrifice of  
praise is offered, both in heauen and

earth. And by thy mercy, we shall one day arriue to their society, with whome we shall for euer see, and praise thee. Grant, O Lord, that whilest I am placed in this fraile body of mine, my hart may praise thee, my tongue may praise thee, and all the powers of my soule may say, O Lord, who is like to thee.

Thou art that Omnipotent God, whome we worshipp as *Trine* in *Persons*, and *One* in the *Substance* of thy *Diety*. We adore the *Father* vnbegotten, the *Sonne*, the *only begotten of his Father*, and the *Holy Ghoste*, proceedinge from them both; and remaininge in them both. We adore thee O Holy and indiuiduall *Trinity*, one Omnipotent God, who when we weare not, did'st most puissantly make vs; and when, by our owne fault we weare lost, by thy pittie, and goodnes, thou did'st recouer vs, after an admirable manner. Doe not I beseech thee, permitt that we should be vngratefull for so great benefittes, and vnworthy of so many mercyes. I pray thee, I beseech thee, I begg of thee, that thou wilt increase my



hope, and increase my charity. I beseech thee, make vs, by that grace of thyne, to be euer firme in beleueing, & full of efficacy in working; that so, by meanes of incorrupted *Faith* and *workes* which may be worthy therof; we may through thy mercy, arriue to euerlastinge life. And there beholding thy glory, as indeed it is, we, whome thou haste made worthy to see that glory of thyne, may adore thy Maiesty, and may say together, Glory be, to the *Father*, who created vs: Glory be to the *Sonne*, who redeemed vs: Glory be to the *Holy Ghoste*, who sanctified vs: Glory be to the supream, & indiuiduall *Trinity*, whose workes are inseparable, and whose empire is eternall. To thee our God, praise is due, to thee a Hymne of glory, to thee all honor, benedictiō, clarity, thanksgingeing, vertue, and fortitude, for euer, and for euer. Amen.

## C H A P. XXXIV.

*He complayneth against himselfe for not  
being moued, with the contem-  
plation of God whereat the  
Angells tremble.*

**P**ARDON me O Lord, pardon me;  
through thy mercy, pardon,  
and pittie me; pardon my great  
ignorance and imperfections. Doe  
not reiect me, as a presumptuous  
creature, in that I aduenture, being  
thy slaue (I would, I could say a  
good one, and not rather that I am  
vnprofitable and wicked, and ther-  
fore very wicked, because I take this  
boldnes) to praise, and blesse, and  
adore thee, who art our Omnipot-  
tent God, and who art terrible, and  
excesssiuely to be feared, without  
contrition of hart, without a foun-  
taine of tears, and without due re-  
uerence, and trembling. For if the  
Angells, who adore and praise thee,  
doe tremble, whilest they are filled  
with that admirable exultation; how

comes it to passe, that I, sinfull creature, whilest I am present with thee, and sing prayses, and offer sacrifices to thee, am not frighted at the hart, that I am not pale in my face; that my lipps tremble not, and my whole body is not in a shiueringe; and that so, with a flood of tears, I doe not incessantly mourne before thee. I would fayne doe it, but I am not able, because I cannot doe what I desire. Herupon I am vehemently wondringe at my selfe, when by the eyes of Faith, I see how terrible thou art; but yet, who can doe euen this, without thy grace? For all our saluation, is nothing but thy great mercy. Woe be vnto me, how comes my soule to be made so semeles, as that it is not frighted, with excessive terrour, whilest I am standing before God, and singinge forth his praise? Woe be vnto me, how comes my hart to be so hardned, that myne eyes cannot incessantly bring forth whole floods of tears, whilest the slaue is speaking before his Lord, Man with God, the Creature with the Creator; he who is made of durt,

Gen. 2. with him who made all things of nothing?

Beholde O Lord, how I place my selfe before thee; & that which I conceiue of my selfe in the most secret corner of my hart, that doe I not conceale from thy paternall ears. Thou art rich in thy mercy, and liberall in thy rewards; grant to me of thy good gifts, that therby I may doe seruice to thee. For we cannot serue, nor please thee, by any other meanes, then of thy gift.

Strick through, I beseech thee, this flesh of mine, with thy feare. Let my hart reioyce, that it may feare thy name. O that my sinfull soule might so feare thee, as that holy Man did, who said: *I haue alwayes feared God, like the wanes of a Sea, vvhich vveare flowing ouer me.* O God, thou giuer of all good things, grant me, whilest I am celebratinge thy praises, a fountayne of tears, together with purity of hart, and ioy of minde; that loueing thee perfectly, and praiseinge thee worthily, I may feele, and



taste, and sauour with the very palate of my soule, how sweete, & delicious thou art: O Lord, accordinge to that which is written:

Taste, and see, how sweete our Lord is: Blessed is the man vvhoe hopes in him. Blessed is the people vvhich understandeth this ioy. Blessed is the man vvhose helpe is from thee: He hath disposed of certayne degrees, vvhereby to rise vp in his hart, in this valley of tears, in the place vvhich he hath appointed. Blessed are the cleane of hart; for they be the men, vvhoe shall see God. Blessed are they vvhoe dwell in thy house, O Lord, for they shall praise thee, for euer, & for euer.

Psal. 31

Psa. 88

Psa. 83

Matt.

S.

Psa. 83

## CHAP. XXXV.

*A prayer which greatly moueth the  
hart to Deuotion, and to  
Diuine loue.*

O Iesus <sup>our</sup> Redemption, our  
Desire, and our Loue; thou  
God of God, giue helpe to me, who  
am thy seruant. I inuoke thee, I call  
vpon thee, with a mighty cry, and  
with my whole hart. I inuoke thee  
into my soule, enter into it, & make  
it bitt for thy selfe, *that thou maist  
possesse it without spott, and wrinkle.*  
For to a most pure Lord, a most pure  
habitation is due. Sanctify my ther-  
fore, who am the vessell which thou  
hast made. Euacuate me of malice,  
and fill me with grace, and still keepe  
me full, that I may be made a Tēple,  
worthy to be inhabited by thee, both  
heer, and in the other euerlasting  
world. O thou most sweete, most  
benigne, most loueing, most deer,  
most powerfull, most desireable,

most pretious, most amiable, most beautifull God: thou who art more sweete then hony, more white then any milk or snow, more delicious then Nectar, more pretious then gold or Jewells, and more deere to me, then all the riches and honors of the earth. But what doe I say, O my God, O thou my onely hope, and my so abundant mercy? VVhat doe I say, O thou my happy, and secure sweettenes? What doe I say, when I vtter such things as these? I say what I can, but I doe not say what I should.

O that I could say such things, as those Quires of Angells doe vtter, in those celestiaall Hymns. O how willingly would I euen spend, & powre out my whole selfe, vpon thy praises? O how fayne would I, most deuoutly, and most indefatigable proclaim those Hymns of celestiaall melody, in the midst of thy Church, to the praise and glory of thy Name? But because I am not able to doe these things compleatly, shall I therefore hold my peace: woe be to them, who hold their peace of thee,

who loofest the tongues of dumbe persons, and makest the tongues of children eloquent. VVoe be to them vvho hold their peace of thee, for euen they vvho speak most, may be accompted to be but dumbe, vvhen they doe not speake thy praise.

But now who shalbe able vvorthily, to prayse thee, O thou vnspcakable Wisdome of the *Father*? But yet although I finde noe vvordes, vvhereby I may sufficiently unfold thee, vvho art the Omnipotent, and Omniscient *VWord*; I vvill yet, in the meane tyme say vvhat I can, till thou biddest me come to thee, vvhere I may say that of thee, vvhich is fitt, and vvhich I am bound to say. And therefore I humbly pray, that thou vvilt not haue an eye, so much to that vvhich I say now *in deed*, as to that vvhich I say in *my desire*. For I desire (and that vvith a great desire) to say that of thee, vvhich is fitt and iust, because it is fitt that thou be praised, and celebrated, and all honor is due to thee.



Thou seest therefore, O God, thou vvhoe knowest of all secrett things, that thou art more deer to me, not onely then the earth, and all that is therein, but that thou art more aeceptable, and amiable to me, then heauen it selfe, and all that it conteynes. For I loue thee, more then heauen, and earth, and all those other things vvhich are in them; Nay, these transitory things are vvithout doubt not to be loued at all, if it vveare not, for the loue of thy Name. I loue thee, O my God, vvith a great loue, and I desire to loue thee yet more.

Giue me grace, that I may euer loue thee as much as I desire, and as much as I ought, that thou alone maist be all my intention, and all my meditation. Let me consider thee, through the whole dayes, without ceasinge; let me feele thee, euen when I am sleeping, by night; let my spiritt speake to thee; lett my minde conuerse with thee; lett my hart be illustrated vvith the light

of thy holy vision; that thou being my Director, and my Captayne, I may walke on, from vertue to vertue; and that at last, I may see thee, *the God of Gods in Syon. Now I doe it as by a glasse, or in a cloude; but then I shall doe it, face to face, where I shall knowe thee, as I am knowne.*

*Matt.* Blessed are the cleane of hart, for they are the men who shall see God. Bles-  
*5.* sed are they who dwell in thy howse, O  
*Psal.* Lord, for euer, and for euer, shall they  
*83.* praise thee. I beseech thee therefore, O Lord, by all thy mercyes, whereby we are freed from eternall death, mollyfy my hart, which is hard, & stony, and rocky, and steelly, with the powerfull, and most sacred vnction; and grant, that by the fire of contrition, I may become a liueing sacrifice before thee, in euery moment of my life. Make me euer to haue a contrite and humbled hart, in thy presence, with abundance of tears. Grant that through my great desire of thee, I may be viterly extinguished towards this world; and that I may forgett these transitory things, through the greatnes

of my loue, and feare of thee; and this so farr forth, as that I may neuer reioice, nor mourne, nor feare any thinge, which is temporall; and that I may not loue them; least so I be eyther corrupted by prosperity, or deiected by aduersity. And because the loue of thee, is strong as death, I beseech thee that the fiery and mellifluous force of thy loue, may suck vp, and deuoure my whole minde, from all those things which are vnder heauen; that I may inheare to thee alone, and be fedd with the memory of thy onely sweetnes.

O Lord, I beseech thee, I beseech thee, and still I beseech thee, that the most sweete odour of thee, and thy mellifluous loue may descend, and enter into my hart. Lett that admirable, and vnspeakable fragrance of thy saueur, come into me, which may kinde an euermore cupiscence of thee in my hart; and which may draw out from thence, those vaynes of water, which spring up to eternall life. Thou art immense, O Lord, and therefore it is but reason

that thou be loued and praised,  
beyond all measure, by them  
whome thou hast redeemed with  
thy pretious Blood. O thou most  
benigne louer of man. O thou  
most mercifull Lord, and most vn-  
*Ioan. 5* pariall Iudge, to whome the *Fa-*  
*ther* gaue all power of Iudgment;  
Thou seest how vniust a thinge it is,  
that the children of this world, the  
children of night, and darknes,  
should with a more ardent desire,  
indeauour, and study, and seeke  
perishing riches, and transitory ho-  
nors, then we thy seruants doe loue  
thee our God, by whome we are  
created and redeemed. But if on the  
other side, a man will affect some  
man, with so great loue, as that one  
of them will scarce indure the ab-  
sence of the other; if the Spowse be  
transported, with so great ardour  
of affection to her fellow Spowse,  
that through the greatnes of her  
loue, shee can take noe rest, nor  
beare the absence of that dearest  
freind, without deep sorrowe; with  
what loue, with what labour, with  
what seruour ought that soule,



which thou haste espowled to thy self by Faith, and other mercyes, loue thee her true God, and her most beautifull Spowse, who hast so loued, and saued her, and haste done so many, and so great things for her good. For although this world haue certayne delights and loues belonging to it, yet doe they not so delight, as thou O God. In thee the iust man is indeed delighted, because thy loue is sweete, and quiet; for the harts which thou dost possesse, thou fillest with tranquillity, sweetnes, and delight. On the other side, the loue of this world, and of the flesh, breeds anxiety, and perturbation, and deprives those soules of quietnes into which it enters; for it doth euer sollicite them, with suspitions, perturbations, and many fears. Thou art therefore the delight of iust persons, & that iustly. For the strength of rest and peace, is with thee, and a life vncapable of perturbation. *He who enters into thee, O deer Lord, enters into the ioy of his Lord; and shall haue nothing more so feare;*

*Psal.*

132.

*Psal.*

22.

but shall finde himselfe to be perfectly well, in the most excellent place which can be thought; and he will say, *This is my rest for all eternities, this shalbe my habitation, for I haue chosen it; And agayne, Our Lord gouernes me, and nothing shalbe wantinge, in that place of full feedinge; yea there it is, that he hath lodged me.*

Sweete Christe, deer Iesus, fill my hart for euer, I beseech thee, with the vnquenchable loue, and the continuall memory of thee; in such sort, as that I may all burn vp, like any eager flame, in the sweetnes of thy loue, which many waters, may neuer be able to extinguish in me. Grant to me, O most sweete Lord, that I may loue thee, and that through the desire of thee, I may discharge my selfe, of the waight of all carnall desires; and of the most greiuous burthen of all earthly concupiscences, which impugne, and oppresse my miserable soule; that running lightly after thee, in the odour of thy pretious vnguent, till I be effectually satisfied with the vision of thy beauty, I may, with all speed, arriue thyther, by thy conduct.

conduct. For there are two kindes of loues ; one good , and another badd ; one sweete , and another bitter, and they cannot both remayne in one hart. And therefore if any man loue any thinge , in dishonour of thee , thy loue , O Lord, is not in him. That *loue* of sweetnes, and that sweetnes of *loue* ; not tormenting but delightinge ; a *loue* , which remaineth sincerely , and chastely for all eternity , a *loue* which euer burnes , and is neuer quenched.

O sweete Christe , O deer Iesus , O Charity ! my God , kindle me all with thy fire , with thy loue , with thy sweetnes and delight , with thy ioy & exultation , with thy pleasure and concupiscence , which is holy , and good ; chaste , and pure ; secure , and serene ; that being all full of the sweetnes of thy loue , and all burnt vp , in the flame of thy charity , I may loue thee , O God , with my whole hart , and with all the marrow of my affections ; haueing thee still , and euery where , in my hart , in my mouth , and before my

eyes ; so that there may neuer be any place open in me , for any adulterine or impure loue. Hearken to me , O my God , hearken to me , O thou light of mine eyes. Hearken to what I aske , and teach me what to aske , that thou maist hearken to me. O thou pittious and most mercifull Lord , doe not become inexorable to me for my sinns ; but for thyne owne goodnes sake , receiue these prayers of thy Sonne , and grant me the effect of my petition , and desire , by the intercession , prayer , and impetration of glorious *Virgin Mary my Lady* , and *Mother* , and of all thy other Sai

*Amen.*



## CHAP. XXXVI.

*A most deuoute Prayer by way of  
thanks-giueing.*

**O** Christe our Lord, the *VVord* of thy *Father*, who camest in-  
to the world to saue sinners, I be-  
seech thee, by the most indulgent  
bowells of thy mercy, amend my  
life, better my actions, compose my  
manners, take all that from me,  
which hurteth me, and displea-  
seth thee; and giue me that which  
thou knowest, to please thy selfe,  
and profit me. Who is he but onely  
thou, O Lord, who can make a man  
cleane, he beinge conceyued of uncleane  
seed. Thou art an Omnipotent God  
of infinite piety, who iustificst  
the wicked, and reuiuest such as are  
dead, through sinn; & thou chan-  
gest sinners, and they are so, no  
more. Take from me therefore,  
whatsoever is displeasing to thee  
in me; For thyne eyes haue seene

*my many imperfections.* Send forth, I beseeche thee, thy hand of piety towards me, and take from me, whatsoeuer is offensive in me to thyne eyes. Before thee, O Lord, is my health, and sicknes, conserue that, I beseech thee, and cure this. *Heale me, O Lord, and I shalbe healed, doe thou saue me, and I shalbe saved;* thou, who curest the sick, and conseruest the sound; thou who with the onely beck of thy will, restorest that which is in decay, and ruine. For if thou vouchsafe to sowe good seede in thy feild, which is my hart, it will first be necessary, that, with the hand of thy pittie, thou shouldest pluck vp the thornes of my vices.

O most sweete, most benigne, most loueing, most deer, most desirable, most amiable, and most beautifull God, infuse, I beseech thee, the multitude of thy sweetnes, and of thy loue into my hart; that I may not so much as desire, yea, or euenthinke, of any carnall thing; but that I may loue onely thee, and haue onely thee in my hart, and

mouth. Write, with thy finger in my hart, the sweete memory of thy mellifluous Name, which may neuer be blotted out againe. Write thy will, and thy lawe, in the tables of my hart, that I may haue both thy lawe, and thy selfe, O Lord of immense sweetnes, at all tymes and places, before myne eyes. Burn vp my mynde with that fire of thyne, which thou did'st send into the world, and did'st desire that it might be much kindled; that I may daily offer to thee, with abundance of tears, *the sacrifice of a troubled spirit, and contrite hart.* *Psal. 5.*

O sweete Christe, O deer Iesus, as I desire, and as, with my whole hart, I craue, so giue me thy holy and chaste loue, which may replenish, and take, & possesse me wholly. And giue me that euident signe of thy loue, a springing fountayne of tears, which continually may flowe; that my tears themselues may witnes thy loue to me, and that they may discouer and declare, how deerly my soule loueth thee; whilest through the excessive sweetnes of

that loue, it cannot conteyne it selfe from tears. I remember, deare Lord, that good woeman *Anna*, who came to the *Tabernacle*, to  
 1. Reg. begg a sonne of thee, of whome  
 1. the Scripture hath, that after her tears, and prayers, *her countenance was cast no longer towards seuerall things*. But whilest I call to mind her so great vertue, and constancy, I am racked with greife, and confounded with shame, because I finde my selfe too miserablie cast downe, towards vanity. But if she wept so bitterly, and did so persouer in weeping, who but desired to haue a sonne; how ought my soule lament, and continue in lamentation, which is seeking and loueing God, and desiring to arriue there with him? How ought such a soule lament, and weepe, who seeketh God, day and night, and is resolved to loue nothinge but Christ our Lord? It is no lesse then a wonder, if such a person haue not teares, which may become *his bread, day and night*.

Looke back therefore, and



Take pittie on me, for the sorrowes of my hart are multiplyed. Giue me of thy celestiaall contemplation; and despise not this sinfull soule, for which thou dyedst. Giue me I beseeche thee, internall tears, which may spring from the most secret corner of my hart, whereby the chaines of my sinns may be discharged; and lett them euer fill my soule, with celestiaall ioy, that I may obteyne some little portion in thy Kingdome, if not in the Society of those true and perfect *Moncks*, whose stepps I am not able to followe, yet at least with deuout woeman.

I doe also call to minde, the admirable deuotion of another woeman, who sought thee with tender loue, when thou weart layd in the Sepulcher. Who retired not from the sepulcher, when the Disciples retired; who satt downe there, all afflicted and wounded; & she wept there long, and much, and riseing vp with many tears, she did agayne and agayne, play as it were

the spy, with her watchfull eyes, ypon that solitary place; to see if perhaps she might be able to finde thee any where, whome she sought with such ardour of desire. She had already entered into the sepulchre once and agayne; but that which in it selfe, seemes too much, seemes not enough, to one that loues. The vertue of a good worke is perseuerance; and because she loued thee beyond the rest, and loueing wept, and weeping sought, and seeking perseuered, therefore did she deserue, to be the first of all others to finde thee out, and to speake with thee. And not onely that, but she was the first proclamer of thy glorious *Resurrection*, to thy Disciples; thy selfe thus directing, and sweetly commaunding thus, that it should be so, *Goe, and will my brethren that*

*Matt.* *they pass on into Gallile; they shall see me*  
 28. *there.* But now, if that woeman wept, and continued in weeping, who sought the liueing, amongst the dead, and who touched thee but with the hand of Faith; how ought my soule to lament, and persist in

lamentation, which beleeueth with the hart, and confesseth with the mouth, that thou art her redeemer, præsidinge now in heauen, and reigneinge euery where? How ought such a soule to lament and weepe, which loues thee with her whole hart, and couetts to see thee with her whole desire? Thee who art the sole refuge, and the onely hope of miserable creatures, to whome one can neuer pray without hope of mercy? Afford me this fauour, I beseech thee, for thyne owne sake, & for thy holy Name, that as often as I thinke of thee, speake of thee, write of thee, read of thee, conferr of thee; as often as I remember thee, and am present with thee, and offer praise and prayers, and sacrifice to thee, so often may I weepe abundantly, and sweetely in thy presence, that *so my tears may be made my bread,* day and night.

*Psalm.*  
41.

Thou, O King of glory, and thou instructor of soules in all vertue, haste taught vs, both by doctrine and example, that we are to lament, and weepe, sayinge: *Bles-*

*Matt.* *sed are they who mourne , for they*  
*shalbe comforted.* Thou didest  
*S.* weepe ouer thy deceased freind,  
 and thou didest shedd abundant  
 tears ouer that miserable Citty,  
*Ioan.* which was to perish. And now, O  
*ii.* deare *Iesus* , I beseech thee , by  
 those most pretious tears of thyne,  
 and by all those mercyes , whereby  
 thou didest vouchsafe so admirably,  
 to releue vs wretched Creatures,  
 giue me the grace of tears,  
 which my soule doth greatly affect,  
 and couer. For without thy  
 giift , I cannot haue it , but be  
 thou pleased to impart it to me,  
 by that holy Spirit of thyne, which  
 mollifies the hard harts of sinners,  
 and giues them compunction to  
 weepe , as thou didest giue it to  
 our Fathers, whose foote-steps I am  
 to imitate, that so I may lament my  
 selfe , duringe my whole life , as  
 they lamented themselues, day and  
 night.

And by theyr merits and prayers  
 who pleased thee , and did most  
 deuourly scrue thee , I besecche



thee, take pittie vpon me, thy most miserable, and vnworthy seruant; and grant me the grace of tears. Grant me that *superior kinde of irrigation or watering*, and that *inferior* also, that *my tears may be my bread day and night*; and that, by the fire of sorrowe, I may be made a fatt, and marrowy *Holocauſte*, in thy sight.

O my God, let me be all offered vp, vpon the alter of my hart; and let me be receyued by thee *as a most acceptable sacrifice to thee in the odour of sweetnes.*

Grant to me, O most sweete Lord, both a continuall, and a cleere fountayne, wherein this vn-cleane *Holocauſte*, may be cleansed. For although I haue already offered my selfe to thee, by thy fauour, and grace; yet in many things, doe I offend dayly, through my excessive frailty. Giue me therefore the grace of tears, O blessed, and amiable God, through the greate sweetnes of thy Ioue, and by the commemoration

of thyne owne mercyes. Prepare this  
table for thy seruant, in thy sight, &  
putt it into my power, that as often  
as I list, I may be filled therewith.  
Grant through thy pittie, & goodnes,  
that this excellent and inebriateing  
chalice, may discharge my thirste;  
& lett my spiritte pante towards thee,  
& my hart burne bright in thy loue;  
forgetting all vanity, and misery.  
Hearken to me, ô God, hearken, ô  
thou light of myne eyes, hearken to  
that which I desire, and make me  
desire such things, as thou wilt grāt.  
O Lord, thou who art holy, & ex-  
orable in thy selfe, doe not become  
inexorable to me, for my sinns; but  
for thyne owne goodnes sake, re-  
ceauē the Prayers of thy seruant, &  
grant me the effect of my desire, and  
suite, by the Prayers and merits of  
my *Lady*, the glorious *Virgin Mary*,  
and of all thy *Saintes*. Amen.

## C H A P. XXXVII.

*A most holy, and most excellent Prayer  
to Almighty God, whereby the  
soule is greatly mooued  
to deuotion.*

**O** Lord *Iesus*, O Holy *Iesus*, O  
good *Iesus*, who didest vouch-  
safe to dy for our sinns, and to rise  
agayne, for our Iustification, I be-  
seech thee, by that glorious Resur-  
rection of thyne, raise me vp from  
the sepulchre of all my vices, and  
sinns; & be dayly giueing me a part,  
in this *Resurrection by grace*, that I  
may obteyne to be made a true per-  
taker of thy *Resurrection to glory*. O  
thou most sweete, most benigne,  
most loueing, most precious, most  
amiable, and most beautifull Lord,  
who didest ascend vp to heauen, in  
a triumph of glory; and beinge a  
most puissant Kinge dost sitt at the  
right hand of thy Father: Drawe  
me vpward, that I may runn after

thee, in the pursuit and sent of thy odoriferous oynments. I will runne, and not faynt. VVhilest thou art lea-  
dinge, and draweing me, I will be  
runninge. Drawe vp this mouth of  
my thirsty soule, into those cele-  
stiall springs of eternall satiety.  
Nay, rather drawe me to thy ve-  
ry selfe, who art the true liueinge  
fountainne; that so accordinge to  
the vitermoste of my capacity, I  
may drinke that, where vpon I  
may for euer liue, O thou my  
God, and my life. For thou hast  
said, with thy holy and blessed  
mouth: *If any man thirst, let him*

*Ioan. 7* *come to me, and drinke.* O thou  
fountainne of life, grant to my  
thirsty soule, that it may alwayes  
drinke of thee; that, accordinge  
to thy holy and faithfull promise,  
*the liueing waters may flowe from me,*  
O thou fountainne of life, fill my  
minde, with the torrent of thy de-  
lights, and inebriate my hart, with  
the sober ebriety of thy loue; that  
I may forget all vaine, and earthly  
things, and may perpetually haue  
thee, and thee alone, in my me-



mory ; as it is written : *I haue  
beene mindfull of God, and I was  
delighted.* Imparte to me the holy  
Spiritt, which was signified by  
those *VVaters*, which thou didest  
promisse, that thou wouldest giue,  
to such as thirsted after them.

Grant, I beseeche thee, that  
with my whole desire, and endea-  
uour, I may tend thyther, whe-  
ther I belecue thee to haue ascen-  
ded, vpon the fortieth day, after  
thy Resurrection. That so I may  
be held in this present misery,  
with my body onely ; and that I  
may euer be with thee in desire  
and thought. That my hart may  
be there, where thou art ; thou,  
who art my Treasure incompara-  
ble, desireable, and extreamely a-  
miable. For in the great deluge  
of this life, wherein we are tossed,  
with stormes round about vs ; and  
where there is noe secure castinge  
of anchor ; nor noe place more  
eminent, one then the other, wher-  
vpo the *Dome* may place her foote, &  
repose her selfe neuer so little ; there  
is noe where, any saife peace ; noe

where any secure quietnes, but euēry where warrs and strife; all places are full of enemyes; fighting without, and fears within. And because one parte of vs is celestiall, and the other terrestriall, *the body which is subiect to corruption, doth dull and stupify the soule.* Therefore doth this soule of myne, which is my companion, and my freind, and which comes all weary, from trauellinge, vpon a long, and laborious way, lye languishing, and torne in sunder, by those vanities, which it passed by; and it doth hunger, and thirst extremely; and I haue nothinge to sett before it, because I am a poore creature, and a meere begger. Thou ô Lord my God, who art rich in all things, and art a most plentifull imparter of celestiall satiety, giue foode to him who is so weary; recolect him who is scattered; and stitch him together, who is torne.

Behold I am at the doore, and there I knocke. I beseech thee, by those bowells of thy mercy, Whereby thou didest visite vs, (riseinge vp out of that deepe, like an *Orient*

in ) open to him who knocks;  
ch forth thy hand of pittie, to this  
ferable creature ; and commaund  
it of thy benignity & grace) that  
may enter into thee ; that he may  
dwell in thee ; and that he may be  
nourished, and fedd vpon thee, who  
gives that true, *celestiall bread, and wine.*  
that when he is satisfied therewith,  
he may recouer strength, and so as-  
cend vp into the altitudes ; & being  
atched vp out of this valley of mi-  
sery, by the wing of holy desires, he  
may fly into those celestiall King-  
domes. Let my spirit, ô Lord, let  
my spirit, I beseech thee, take the  
wings of an Eagle, let it spring vp,  
and neuer fainte ; let it fly, till it  
arriue euen as farr, *as the beauty of thy*  
*house ; that place of the habitation of thy*  
*glory ;* that it may there be full fedd  
vpon that table, where thy celestiall  
Cittizens are refreshed, with those  
secreet delights of thyne, in that place  
of rich feedinge, close ; by those full  
fountaines ; and there, ô my Lord,  
let my hart repose, and rest in  
thee.

My hart is a highe sea, swelling vp

where any secure quietnes, but euery where warrs and strife; all places are full of enimy; fighting without, and fears within. And because one parte of vs is celestially, and the other terrestrially, *the body which is subiect to corruption, doth dull and stupify the soule.* Therefore doth this soule of myne, which is my companion, and my freind, and which comes all weary, from trauellinge, vpon a long, and laborious way, lye languishing, and torne in sunder, by those vanities, which it passed by; and it doth hunger, and thirst extreamely; and I haue nothing to sett before it, because I am a poore creature, and a meere begger. Thou ô Lord my God, who art rich in all things, and art a most plentifully imparter of celestially satiety, giue foode to him who is so weary; recolect him who is scattered; and stich him together, who is torne.

Behold I am at the doore, and there I knocke. I beseech thee, by those bowells of thy mercy, Whereby thou didest visite vs, (riseinge vp out of that deepe, like an Orient



*Sunn*) open to him who knocks;  
reach forth thy hand of pittie, to this  
miserable creature; and commaund  
(out of thy benignity & grace) that  
he may enter into thee; that he may  
repose in thee; and that he may be  
recreated, and fedd vpon thee, who  
art *that true, celestially bread, and wine.*  
That when he is satisfied therewith,  
he may recover strength, and so as-  
cend vp into the altitudes; & being  
snatched vp out of this valley of mi-  
sery, by the wing of holy desires, he  
may fly into those celestially King-  
domes. Let my spirit, ô Lord, let  
my spirit, I beseech thee, take the  
wings of an Eagle, let it spring vp,  
and neuer fainte; let it fly, till it  
arriue euen as farr, *as the beauty of thy*  
*house; that place of the habitation of thy*  
*glory; that it may there be full fedd*  
*vpon that table, where thy celestially*  
*Cittizens are refreshed, with those*  
*secret delights of thyne, in that place*  
*of rich feedinge, close; by those full*  
*fountainnes; and there, ô my Lord,*  
*let my hart repose, and rest in*  
*thee.*

My hart is a highe sea, swelling vp

with waues. Thou, who didest commaund both vviues and seas, vvhervpon great tranquillity did follovv, come downe, and vvalke vpon these Waues of my hart; that all my thoughts, may become serene and quiet; to the end that I may imbrace thee, my deare, and onely Lord, and that I may contemplate thee (who art the sweete light of myne eyes) being freed from the blinde mist, or fogg of all vnquiet cogitations. Let my hart fly vnder the shadow of thy wings, from the scorching heate of the cares, and cogitations of this world; that so being hidden vp in that sweete refreshinge of thine, it may exult, & singe: *In thy peace, in thy very selfe, will*

*Psal. 4 I sleepe and rest.*

Let my memory sleepe, let it sleepe, I beseeche thee, O my Lord God, from all sinn and vice. Let it hate iniquity, and loue sanctity. For what is more beautifull, what is more delighfull, then in the midst of the deepe darkenes and the many bitter sorrowes of this life, to pante towards that diuine sweetenes of

thine, and to aspire to that eternall  
beatitude; and there to haue our  
harts fixed, where it is most certaine  
that true ioy is to be found. O thou  
most sweete Lord, most loueing,  
most benigne, most deare, most  
precious, most desirable, most amia-  
ble, and most beautifull. When shall  
I be able to see thee: When shall I  
appeare before thy face? When shall  
I be satisfied with that beaurty of  
thine? When wilt thou lead me out  
of this darke prison, that I may  
confesse to thy Name; that so, from  
thence forth, I may haue noe more  
cause of greife? When shall I passe  
on, into that admirable, and most  
goodly howse of thine? where the  
voice of ioy and exultation, is euer  
ringing out, in those *Tabernacles of* *Psal.*  
*the Iust? Blessed are they who dwell in* *83.*  
*thy howse, O Lord, for euer, and for*  
*euer, shall they praise thee. Blessed are*  
*they, & truely blessed, whome thou*  
*hast choosen, and assumed into that*  
*celestiall inheritance. Beholds how thy*  
*Saints, O Lord, doe flourish like the Lillys*  
*they are filled with the euer springing*  
*plenty of thy howse; & thou giuest them*

to drink, of the torrent of thy delights.

*Psal. 35* For thou art the fountaine of life, and in thy light they shall see light; in so high degree, as that they who are but a light illuminated by thee, ô God, who art the illuminateing light doe yet shine in thy sight, like the Sunn it selfe.

O how admirable, how pretious, and how beautifull, be the habitations of thy howse. O thou God of all strength? This sinfull soule of mine is carried with extreame concupiscence to enter thyther. O Lord, I haue loued the beauty and order of thy howse; and the place of the habitation of thy glory. One thinge I haue begged of our Lord, and I will neuer leaue to begg the same; that I may dwell in the howse of our Lord, all the days of my life. As the Stagge runns panting towards the fountaines of water, so doth my soule runn thirstinge after thee, O God.

*Psal. 29.* *Psal. 41* When shall I come, and once appeare before thy face? When shall I see my God, after whome my soule is in a deadly thirst? When shall I see him, in the land of the Lineinge; for in this land of the Dyinge, he cannot be



scene, with mortall eyes. What shall  
 I doe, miserable creature that I am,  
 beinge bound vp, hand and foote,  
 by these chaynes of my mortality?  
 What shall I doe? *Whilest we remaine*  
*in this body, we goe in pilgrimage from* 2. Cor.  
*our Lord. We haue not here any per-* 5.  
*manent Citty, but we are looking after*  
*another, which is to come, for our habi-* Hebr.  
*tation is in heauen. Voe be unto me,* 13.  
*for that my abode here is prolonged. I*  
*haue dwelt with the inhabitants of Ce-* Psal.  
*dar; and my soule hath beene too true a* 119.  
*dweller there. Who will helpe me to*  
*the wings of a dove, that I may fly and* Psal.  
*rest? Nothing can be so delightfully* 54.  
*deare to me as to be with my Lord.*  
 It is good for me to adheare to my  
 God. Grant to me, o Lord, whilest  
 I am confined to this mortall flesh,  
 that I may adheare to thee, as it is  
 written: *He who adhears to our Lord,* 1. Cor.  
*becometh one spirit with him.* 6.

Grant to me, I beseech thee, the  
 wings of Contemplation; that beinge  
 indued therewith, I may fly vp apace  
 towards thee. And because all that  
 which is sinfull, and weake, is wor-  
 keinge downeward, o Lord hold

hold thou fast my hart, that it may not rush into the bottomes of this darke valley; that by interposition of the shadow of the earth, it may not be seuered from thee, who art the true Sunn of Iustice; and so may be hindred from beholdinge celestiaall things, by the drawinge of black cloudes ouer it. Therefore am I aspireinge to those ioyes of peace; that serene, and sweet kinde of light. Hold thou fast my hart in thy hand; for vnlesse it be by thee, it will neuer be snatched vp into those Altitudes. Thither doe I make all haste, where supreme peace doth reigne; and where eternall tranquillity is resplendent. Hold fast, and guide my spirit, and raise it, accordinge to thy good will; that so thy selfe beinge the guide therof, it may ascend into that region, *vvhere there is an eternal spring; and vvhere thou feedest Israel for euer, vvith the food of truthe;* that there (at the least with some swift, and catchinge thought.) I may now lay hold of thee, who art that *Sovereigne*

*Wisdom*, remaineing ouer all things, and gouerninge, and conducteing all things.

But to the soule which is stru-  
eing, and struglinge towards thee,  
there are many thinges which call  
vpon it, by way of giuinge it im-  
pediment. O Lord, I beseeche  
thee, that they may all, be putt  
to silence, by thy commandement.  
Lett my very soule be silent to it  
selfe. Lett it passe by all things:  
Lett it transcend all thinges crea-  
ted, and dispatch them all away  
from it selfe. Lett it arriue to thee,  
and vpon thee, who art the onely  
Creator of all things, let it fasten the  
eyes of Faith: let it aspire towards  
thee: let it wholly intend thee: let it  
meditate vpon thee: let it contem-  
plate thee: let it place thee euer be-  
fore her eyes, and lock thee vp in  
her hart: thee who art the true and  
soueraigne good, & that ioy, which  
must neuer haue an end.

Many Contemplations there are,  
whereby a soule which is deuoute  
to thee, may be admirably intertay-  
ned & fedd; but in none of the is my

soule so delighted, and laid to rest, as in the thought of thee; and when it thinks and contemplates, thee alone. How great is the multitude of that sweetnes of thine, where-with thou dost admirably inspire the harts of thy louers? How admirable is that deernes of thy loue, which they enioy who loue nothinge but thee; who seeke nothinge, nor desire, so much as to thinke of any thinge but thee. Happy soules are they, whose onely hope thou art; and euery one of whose actions, is Prayer. Happy is that man, who sits in solitude and silence; and stands still vpon his guard, day and night; and who, whilest he is imprisoned in this poore little body of his, may yet be able in some proportion, to haue a taste of thy diuine sweetnes.

I beseech thee, ô Lord, by those pretious wounds of thyne, which thou wert pleased to beare vpon thy Crosse, for our saluation; and from whence that precious Blood did flow, whereby we are redeemed; be pleased to wounde this sinfull soule of myne, for which thou didst also  
vouchsafe



vouchsafe to dye. VVound it with  
the fiery and most puissant dart of  
thy excessiue charity. For the VVord *Psal.*  
of God is full of life, and efficacy; and it *30.*  
is more penetratiue then any sharp, two  
edged sword. Thou art that choise  
arrow, and that most sharp sword,  
which is able, by thy power, to pearce  
through the hard buckler of mans  
hart. Strike through my hart, with  
the dart of thy loue, that my soule  
may say to thee: *I am wounded with*  
*thy loue.* And doe it in such sort, as  
that out of this very wound of thy  
loue, abundāce of tears may streame  
downe from mine eyes, day and  
night. Stricke through, O Lord,  
strike through, I beseeche thee,  
this most hard hart of mine, with  
the deare, & strong pointed launce  
of thy loue; and pearce downe yet  
more deeply into the most inte-  
riour parte of my soule, by the  
mighty power of thy hand. And so  
drawe forth out of this head of mine  
abundance of water; and from these  
mine eyes, a true fountaine of tears,  
which may continually flowe,  
through my excessiue loue, and de-

fire of the vision of thy beauty. To the end that I may mourne, day and night, admittinge of no confort, till I shall obteyne to see thee, in thy celestiall bedd of state: Thee, who art my beloued, and most beautifull Spouse, my Lord and my God. That beholding there (in the society of such as thou hast chosen) that glorious, and admirable, & most beautifull countenance of thine, (which is topp full of all true sweetenes,) I may with profound humility adore thy Maiesty. An then at last, being replenished, with the celestiall, and vnspeakable iubilation of eternall ioy, I may cry out with such as loue thee, and say: Beholde, that which I aspired too, I see. That which I hoped for, I haue. That, which I desired, I inioy. For to him am I conioyned in heauen, whome being yet on earthe, I loued with my whole power: I imbraced with entire affection; and I inheared to, with inuincible loue. Him doe I praise, adore, and blesse, who liueth & raigeth, God, for euer, and for euer. Amen.

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

*A Prayer to be made in  
affliction.*

**H**Aue mercy on me, O Lord;  
I haue mercy on me, deer Lord,  
haue mercy on me, most misera-  
ble sinner, who committ vnwor-  
thy things, and doe endure such as  
I am worthy of; for I am daily sin-  
ninge, and daily feeling the scourge  
of sinn. If I consider the euill  
which I committ daily, it is noe  
great matter which I suffer. It is  
much wherein I offend, and it is  
little which I endure. *Thou art  
Iust, O Lord, and thy iudgment is  
right; all thy iudgments are iust and  
true. Thou art iust and true, O  
Lord our God, and there is noe ini-  
quity in thee. Thou, O mercifull  
and Omnipotent Lord, dost not  
afflict vs sinners, cruelly, and  
vniustly. But when we weare  
not, thou didst make vs with thy*

hand of power ; and when we were lost, through our owne fault, thou didst admirable restore vs by thy pittie and goodnes. I know, and am well assured, that our life is not driuen on, by rash, and irregular motions ; but it is disposed, and gouerned by thee, O Lord our God. So that thou hast a care of all, but especially of thy seruants, who haue placed their whole hope in thy mercy. I doe therefore beseeche, and humbly pray thee, that thou wilt not proceed with me, according to my sinns, whereby I haue deserued thy wrathe ; but accordinge to thyne owne great mercy, which surpasseth the sinns of the whole world. Thou O Lord, who doest inflict exterior punishments vpon vs, giue vs interior patience, which may neuer faile ; that so thy praise may not departe from my mouth. Haue mercy on me O Lord, haue mercy on me, and helpe me, accordinge to what thou knowest to be necessary for me, both in body and soule. For thou knowest all things, thou canst doe all things, thou who liuest for euer.



## C H A P. XXXIX.

*Another Prayer to our Lord Iesus  
Christe.*

**O** Lord Iesus Christe, the Sonne  
of the liueing God, who didest  
drinke vp that Challice of thy Pas-  
sion, thou being extended vpon thy  
Crosse, for the Redemption of all  
mortall men; vouchsafe this day to  
giue me helpe. Beholde I come  
poore to thee who art riche; mise-  
rable, to thee who art mercifull. Let  
me not goe empty, or despised from  
thee. I am hungry now when I be-  
ginn, let me not giue ouer, empty of  
thee. I come to thee almost starued,  
let me not departe from thee vnfed;  
and if now, before I can eat, I sigh;  
grant me a feast, after I haue sighed,  
that I may eate. First of all, O most  
sweete Iesus, I confesse myne owne  
iniustice against my selfe, before the  
magnificence of thy mercy. Behold  
O Lord, how I was conceaued and

borne in sinne; and thou didst wash me, and sanctify me, and after that, I did yet pollute my selfe with greater sinnes. For I was borne in *Original sin*, which was *necessary* to me, but afterwards I wel-tred in *actiual sin*, which was *voluntary*. Yet thou O Lord, beinge not vnmindfull of thy mercy, didst take me from the howse of my father, of flesh and blood; and out of the Tabernacles of sinners, and dist inspire me to follow thee, *with the generation of them who seeke thy face, and who walke in the right way, and who dwell amongst the Lillyes of Chastity; and who feed with thee, at the table of profound poverty.* And I, vngratefull for so many benefitts, did, after I had receaued *Baptisme*, worke many wicked deeds, and committed many execrable crymes. And whereas I ought to haue remoued those former sinns, I did after, add new sinns to those.

These are my wickednesses, O Lord, whereby I haue deshono- red thee, & defiled my selfe, whome

thou haste created after thyne owne  
Image and likenesse, by pride, vaine  
glory, and a number of other  
sinns, whereby my vnhappy soule  
is afflicted, torne, and destroyed.  
*Behold, O Lord, how my iniquities  
haue ouergrowne my head, and how* Psal.  
*they oppresse me, as any heavy burden* 37.  
*might doe.* And vnlesse thou, whose  
property it is to haue mercy, and to  
forgiue, be pleased to put the hand  
of thy Maiesty vnder me, I shall not  
faile to be miserably drowned in that  
bothomlesse pitt.

Consider, O Lord God, and see  
becausethou art holy, and behold  
how my enemy insulteth ouer me,  
saying, *God hath forsaken him, I will* Psal. 7  
*persecute him, and take him, for there* Psal. 6.  
*is none to deliuer him.* But thou, O  
Lord, how long? Conuert thy selfe to  
me, and deliuer my soule, and saue  
me for thy mercyes sake. Haue mercy  
vpon thy Sonn, whome thou didst  
begett with noe small sorrow of  
thine, and doe not so consider my  
wickednes, as thereby to forgett  
thyne owne goodnes.

V Who is that Father, vvhich

will not deliuer his Sonne? Or who is that Sonne, whome the Father will not correct with the staffe of pittie? Therefore, O my Father, and my Lord, though it be true that I am a sinner, yet I leaue not, for all that, to be thy Sonne, because thou haste both made me, and made me agayne. As I haue sinned, so doe thou reforme me; and when thou shalt haue mended me by thy correction, deliuer me then to thy Sonne. *Can the Mother forgett the Childe of her wombe?* Yet supposing that she could, thou hast promised, O Father, *that thou wilt not forgett him.*

Behold I cry out, and thou hearest me not, I am tormented with sorrowe, and thou comfortest me not. What can I say, or what shall I doe, most wretched creature that I am? I am vtterly without all comfort, and *I am cast of from the sight of thyne eyes.* Woe is me, from how great happinesse, into how great misery am I fallen? Whether was I goeing, and yet where am I arriued? Where am I, or rather where am I not? To



whome did I aspire, and yet now,  
what kinde of things be they, for  
which I suspire, and sighe? I haue  
sought for happinesse, and behold  
I haue mett with infelicity. Behold  
I am euen dyinge, and *Iesus* is not  
with me, & without fayle it is better  
for me not to be at all, then not to  
be with *Iesus*; it is better for me not  
to liue at all, then to liue without  
that true life.

But thou, O Lord *Iesus*, and Psa. 88  
what is become of thyne ancient mer- Psa. 94  
cies? *VVilt thou be angry with me for* Psa. 16  
*euer.* Be thou appeased, I beseeche  
thee, and haue mercy on me, and  
doe not turne thy face from me;  
thou, who for the redeeminge of  
me, didst not turne thy face from  
such as did reproach, and spitt at  
thee. I confesse that I haue sinned,  
and that my conscience calls for no-  
thing but damnation; and my pen-  
nance will not serue for satisfaction;  
but yet it is certayne that thy mer-  
cy doth surpasse all sinn. Do not, I  
beseeche thee, most deer Lord,  
write vp my wickednes against me,  
to the end that thou maist enter into

*Job 13.* exact account vwith thy seruant: but  
*Psal.* blot out my iniquity, according to the  
 14. multitude of thy mercyes. VVoe be  
*Psal.* vnto me miserable creature, when  
 50. the day of Iudgment shall come,  
 and the bookes of consciences  
 shalbe opened, and it shalbe said  
 to me, *Behold the man, and his wor-*  
*kes.* What shall I doe then, O Lord  
 my God, vwhen the heanens vwill  
 reueale my iniquities, and when  
 the earth will raise vp against me?  
 Beholde, I shalbe able to make  
 noe answere; but my head, han-  
 ging downe through confusion of  
 face, I shall stand trembling, and  
 all confounded before thee. Woe  
 is me, vvretched creature, vwhat  
 shall I say? I vvill cry out to thee,  
 O Lord my God! For vvhy should  
 I consume my selfe with holding  
 my peace? and yet if I speake, my  
 greife vvill not be appeased. But  
 yet, howsoever, if I hold my  
 peace, I am inwardly tormented  
 vwith extreame bitterness. Lament  
 O my soule, as the Widowe vseth  
 to doe, ouer the husband of her  
 youth. Howle thou miserable crea-

ture, and cry out, for as much as thy spouse, who is Christ our Lord, hath dismissed thee. O thou wrathe of the Omnipotent, doe not rush downe vpon me, for I am not able to receaue thee. It is not in all the power I haue, to be able to endure thee. Haue mercy on me, least I despaire, and grant that I may respire in hope; and if I haue committed that for vvhich thou maiste condemne me; yet thou haste not lost, that for which thou art vvont to saue sinfull men.

*Thou, O Lord, desirest not the death of a sinner, nor dost thou reioyce in the perdition of dying soules; nay thou dyedst thy selfe to the end that dead men might liue, and thy death hath killed the death of sinners. And if they liued by thy death, I beseech thee, O Lord, that I, by the meanes of thy life, may not dy.*

*Exec.*  
18.

Send forth thy hand from on highe, and take me out of the hand of mine enemyes, that they may not

reioice ouer me, and say: *W*e haue  
denoured him. Who can distrust of  
thy mercy, O deere *Iesus*, since thou  
didest redeeme vs, and reconcile vs  
to God, by thy Blood, when we  
were thyne enemies? Behold how,  
being protected vnder the shadowe  
of thy mercy, I come runninge to  
thy Throne of glory, askinge per-  
don of thee, and crying out, and  
knockinge, till thou take pittie of  
me. For if thou haste called vs to  
take the benefit of thy pardon when  
we sought it not, how much more  
shall we obteyne it, when we seeke  
it? Doe not, O most swete *Iesus*,  
remember thy Iustice against this  
sinner, but be mindfull of thy benig-  
nity towards thy creature. Be not  
mindfull of thy wrathe, against him  
who is guilty; but be mindfull of  
thy mercy, towards him who is in  
misery. Forget the proude wretch,  
who prouoketh thee, and take pittie  
of that miserable man, who inuo-  
keth thee. For what is *Iesus*, but a  
*Sauour*; and therefore, O *Iesus*, I  
beseeche thee by thy selfe, rise vp  
to help me, and say vnto my soule,



*I am thy saluation.* I presume much  
O Lord, vpon thy goodnes; because *Psa. 34*  
thy selfe teacheth me to *aske*, to *seeke*,  
and to *knocke*; and therefore being  
admonished by that voyce of thyne  
I doe *aske*, *seeke* & *knocke*. And thou,  
O Lord, who biddest me *aske*, make  
me *receaue*; thou whoe aduiseest me *Ma-*  
to *seeke*, grant that I may *finde*; thou *chab. 7*  
who teachest me to *knocke*, open to  
me, who am *knocking*. And confirme  
me who am weake; reduce me who  
am lost, raise me to life, who am dead;  
& vouchsafe, in thy good pleasure,  
so to gouerne my senses, my thoughts,  
words, and deeds, that from hence  
forth I may serue thee, and liue to  
thee, and deliuer my selfe wholly vp  
into thy hand. I know, O my Lord,  
that for thy onely haueinge made  
me, I owe thee all my selfe; and in  
that thou wert made *Man* for me,  
and didest redeeme me; I should  
owe so much more to thee, then  
my selfe (if I had more) as thou  
art greater then he, for whome thou  
gauest thy selfe. But behold I haue  
no more, nor yet can I giue thee  
what I haue, without thee; but doe

thou take me, and drawe me to thy selfe, to thy imitation and loue, as already I am thyne by creation, and condition: thou who euer liuest and reigneſt.

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CHAP. XL.

*Another Prayer to God.*

**O** Lord God Omnipotent, vvho art *Trine* and *One*, vvho art alwayes in all things, vvho vvert before all things, and who art euer to be in all things, God, to whome be praise for euer; to thee doe I commend (for this day, & for all my life hereafter) my foule, my body, my sight, my heeringe, my taste, my smell, and my touch; All my thoughts, affections, speeches, and actions: all my exteriors, and interiors; my sense, my vnderstanding, and my memory, my faith, my hope, and my perseuerance, into the hands of thy power, by day.

and night, and in all howers and moments.

Hearken to me, O Holy Trinity, and conserue me, & keepe me free from all euill, from all scandall, and from all mortall sinne; from all ambushes, and vexation of Deuills, and from all our enimyes, visible, and inuisible; by the Prayers of the Patriarches, by the Meritts of the Prophets, by the suffrages of the Apostles, by the constancy of the Martyrs, by the Chastity of the Virgins, and by the intercession of all the Saints, who haue beene pleasing to thee, since the beginning of the VVorld. Expell from me all boasting of minde: increase compunction of hart, diminish my pride, and perfect thou true humility in me. Stirr me vp to shedd tears, mollify my hard, and stony hart, deliuer my soule, O Lord, from all the trecheryes of myne enimyes, and conserue me in thy will. Teach me, O Psal. Lord, to doe thy will, for thou art my 142. God.

Giue me, O Lord, perfect feeling, and vnderstanding, that I may be able to comprehend thy profound benignity. Giue me grace to aske that, which it may delight thee to heare, and may be expedient for me to obteyne. Giue me tears which may rise from my whole hart, whereby the chaynes of my sinns may be dissolued. Harken, O my Lord, & my God, hearken to what I aske, & vouchsafe to grant it. If thou despise me, I perish: if thou regard me, I liue: if thou looke for innocency at my hands, I am dead already, and I stinke: if thou looke vpon me with mercy, though I stinke, yet thou raisest me out of the graue. Put that farr from me, which thou hatest in me; and ingrafte in me the spirit of chastity, & continency, that whatsoever I may chance to aske of thee, yet in the very askeing of it, I may not offend thee. Take from me that which hurts, & giue me that which helps. Giue me, O Lord, some Phisique whereby my woundes may be cured. O Lord, giue me thy feare, compunction of hart, humility of



minde, and a pure conscience. Grant to me, O Lord, that I may euer maintayne fraternal charity, and that I may not forget mine owne sinns, nor busy my selfe with those of other men. Pardon my soule, pardon my faults, pardon my sinns, pardon my crymes; visite me who am weake, cure me who am sicke, strengthen me who am languishing, and reniue me who am dead. Giue me a hart, O Lord, which may feare thee, a will which may loue thee, a minde which may vnderstand thee, ears which may heare thee, and eyes which may see thee. Haue mercy on me, O God, haue mercy on me, & lookedowue on me, from that holy seat of thy Maiesty; and illuminate the darknes of my hart, with the beame of thy splendor. Giue me, O Lord discretion, in discerning betweene good and badd; and grant that I may haue a vigilant minde. O Lord, I begg of thee the remission of all my sinns, from whome and by whome, propitiation may be grated me, in the tyme of my necessity and of my greatest streights. O holy and

immaculate *Virgin Mary*, the *Mother* of *God*, the *Mother* of our *Lord Iesus Christe*, vouchsafe to interceade for me with him, whose *Temple* thou deseruedst to be made. Holy *Michaell*, holy *Gabriell*, holy *Raphaell*: O you holy *Quires* of *Angells*, and *Archangells*, of *Patriarches*, and *Prophets*, of *Apostles*, and *Euangelists*, *Martyrs*, and *Confessors*, *Preists*, and *Leuites*, *Moncks*, and *Virgins*, and of all the *Saints*, I presume to begg of you, by him, who chose you, and by the contemplation of whome you are in such ioy, that you will vouchsafe to make supplication to *God* himselfe for me; that I may obteyne to be deliuered from the iawes of the *Deuill*, and from eternall death. Vouchsafe, O *Lord*, to grant me eternall life, according to thy clemency, and most benigne mercy.

O *Lord Iesus Christe*, grant concord to *Preists*, and to *Kings*, *Bishopps*, and *Princes*, who iudge iustly, giue tranquillity, and peace. O *Lord*, I beseech thee, for the

whole holy Catholike Church, for men, and woemen, for Religious and secular people, for all the gouernors of Christians, and all such, as beleeuing in thee, doe labour for the holy loue of thee; that they may obteyne perseuerance in their good workes.

Grant, O Lord, O Eternall Kinge, chastity to Virgins, continency to such as are dedicated to thee, O Almighty God, sanctimony to married folkes, pardon to sinners, releife to orphans, and widowes, protection to the poore, safe arriuall to such as are in iourney, comfort to such as mourne, euerallasting rest to the faithfull soules departed, a safe haven to such as are at Sea, to thy bests seruants, that they may continue in their vertue, to them who are but indifferently good, that they may growe better, to them who are wicked and sinfull, that they may quickly reforme themselves.

O most sweete, and most mercyfull Lord Iesus Christe, the Sonne of the liuinge God, the

Redeemer of the world, I confesse my selfe to be a miserable sinner in all things, and aboue all men; but thou also, O most mercifull and supream Father, who takest pittie vpon all, doe not suffer me to become an alien from thy mercy. O God, thou King of Kingdomes, who haste given me this truce of liueing till now; grant me deuotion to reforme my selfe; sturr vp in me a minde which may earnestly desire, and seeke thee, and loue thee aboue all things, & feare thee, and doe thy will, thou who art all euey where in *Trinity*, and *Vnity*, and that for euer. Especially therefore I beseech thee, O Lord, O Holy Father, who art glorious and blessed for euer, that all they who remember me in their Prayers, and who haue commended themselves to my vnworthy ones, and who haue performed any office of charity, or worke of mercy towards me, and they also who are ioyned to me by kindred, and by the naturall affection of flesh and blood, and as well all they, who are now aliue, as those



others who are departed, may be  
mercifully and graeiously gouerned  
by thee, that they perish not.  
Vouchsafe to giue succour to all the  
Christians who liue, grant absolu-  
tion with eternall rest, to the faith-  
full who are dead. And moreouer I  
doe in most particuler manner begg  
of thee, O Lord, thou who art *Al-  
pha* and *Omega*, that when the last  
day, and pointe of my life shall ar-  
riue, thy selfe will vouchsafe to be  
my mercifull Iudge against that ma-  
ligne accuser, the Deuill; and be  
thou my continuall defendor against  
the sleights of that ancient enemy of  
mine, and make me continue in that  
holy heauen of thine, in the society  
of all the Angells and Saints; thou  
who art blessed for euer and euer.

*Amen.*

## CHAP. XLI.

*A Prayer upon the Passion of Christe  
our Lord.*

**O** Lord Iesus Christe, my Redemption, my mercy, and my saluation; I praise thee, I giue thee thanks, though they carry noe proportion to thy benefitts. Though they be very little of deuotion, though they be scant, in respect of the fatnes of that most sweete loue of thee which I desire; yet such as they are, not such, I confesse, as I owe, but such as I am able to conceaue, my soule is now paying to thee. O then hope of my hart, and thou vertue of my soule, and the life and end of all my intentions, lett thy most powerfull dignity supply that, which my most fainte weaknes doth endeanour. And if I haue not yet deserved so much of thee, as that I may loue thee as much as I ought,

yet at least I desire to loue thee as much. O thou my light, thou seest my conscience, because, O Lord, all my desires are before thee. And if I endeaour to doe any thing which is good, it is thou who bestowest it vpon me. If that be good, O Lord, which thou inspirest, or rather because the inclination which I haue to loue thee is good: grant me that, which it is thy will that I should desire, and grant that I may obteyne to loue thee, as much as thou requirdest. I giue thee praise, & thanks, for what I haue, least otherwise thy giift might proue vnfruitfull to me, which thou haste bestowed, of thyne owne free will. Perfect that which thou hast begunn, and giue me that, through thy mercy, which thou madest me desire, without any merit of mine. Conuert, O most benigne Lord, my dull heauinesse, into a most feruent loue of thee. To this, O most mercyfull Lord, my prayer, my memory, my meditation of thy benefitts, doe all tend, that thou maiste kindle thy loue in me. Thy

goodnes, O Lord, created me, thy  
mercy, when I was created, did  
cleansc me from original sinn; thy  
patience, after that I was washed in  
*Baptisme*, hath tolerated, nourished  
and expected me, when I was all  
wrapped vp, in the filth of other  
sinns. Thou, O my good Lord,  
dost expect my amendement, and  
my soule expecteth the inspiration  
of thy holy grace, that I may come  
to pennance, and goode life. O my  
God, my Creator, my expecter, &  
my feeder, I thirste after thee; I  
hunger after thee, I desire thee, I  
sighe towards thee, and I am euen  
in concupiscence after thee. And as  
the poore childe, beinge depriued  
of the presence of his most benigne  
father, doth incessantly weepe, and  
cry out & imbrace, by his memory,  
that fathers face, with his whole hart;  
so I (not so much as I should) but so  
much as I can, am mindefull of thy  
Passion, mindefull of thy stroakes,  
mindefull of thy stirpes, mindefull of  
thy wounds; mindefull how thou  
wert murthred for me, how thou  
wert embalmed, how thou wert  
buried;



buried; and mindfull also of thy glorious Resurrection, and admirable Assension. These things doe I hold fast, with vndoubting faith; I lament the miseries of my banishment, I hope for the onely consolation of thy coming, & I desire the glorious contemplation of thy face.

Woe be vnto me, in that I was not able to behold that Lord of Angells, being humbled to the conuersation of men; to the end that he might exalt men, to the conuersation of Angells; when God, being offended, dyed, that man who offended him, might liue. Woe be vnto me, that I obteyned not to be amazed, in being present, at that spectacle of admirable and inestimable piety. Why at least, O my soule, doth not the sword of most sharp sorrow pearce thy hart, since thou wert not able to haue endured, that lancee which wounded the side of thy Saviour; since thou couldest not behold those hands and feete of thy Creator, to be so violated with mayles, and the bloode of thy Redeemer, so hydeously to be shedd?

Why, at least, art not thou inebriated with the bitternes of tears, since he drunck the bitternes of gall? Why art thou not in compassion of that most holy *Virgin*, his most worthy *Mother*, my most worthy *Lady*? O my most mercifull *Lady*, what fountaynes shall I say they were, which brake out of thy most chaste eyes, when thou didest obserue, how thy onely innocent Sonne, was bound, and scourged, and slaine in thy presence?

What tears shall I belecue to haue bedewed, and bathed thy most sweet holy Face, when thou didest behold that Sonne of thyne, who was also thy God, & thy Lord, extended vpon the Crosse, without any fault of his? and that flesh, which was of thyne owne flesh, to be so wickedly torne, by wretched people? With what kinde of sobbing sighes, shall I conceaue thy most pure hart to haue beene torne, when thou heardest those words, *Voeman, beholde thy Sonne*, and the Disciple, *Voeman, beholde thy Mother*; when thou tookest

the Disciple for the Maister, and the  
seruant for the Lord.

O that I had beene the man,  
who tooke downe my Lord from  
the Crosse, with that happy *Jo-*  
*seph*? That I had embalmed him  
with odours? That I had lodged  
him in the sepulchre? or at least,  
that I had followed him, and had  
obteyned soe much, that, to soe  
great a funerall as that, some little  
parte of my obsequiousnesse, had  
not beene wantinge. O that, with  
those happy woemen, I had beene  
frighted, by that bright vision of  
those Angells; and had heard that  
message of the *Resurrection* of our  
Lord: That message of my com-  
fort: That message soe much ex-  
pected, and desired. O that I had  
heare these words from the mouth  
of the Angell. *Doe not feare, you* *Marc.*  
*seeke Iesus crucified, but he is risen, he* *16.*  
*is not heer.*

O thou most meeke, most be-  
nigne, most sweete, and most ex-  
cellent Lord! when wilt thou  
glue me a sight of thee? for yer I  
never sawe that incorruption of thy

bleſſed body ; I neuer kiſſed thoſe places of thy wounds, & that piercing of the nayles ; I neuer bathed thoſe ouertures of thy true, thy admirable, thy ineſtimable, and incomparable Fleſh and Blood, with the tears of ioy. When wilt thou comfort me, and when wilt thou giue me cauſe to conteyne this ſorrow of mine ? For indeed this ſorrow will not end in me, as long as I ſhall be in pilgrimage, from my Lord.

Woe be to me, O Lord, woe be to my ſoule ; for thou who art the comforter therof, didſt goe thy wayes out of this world, without ſo much as bidding me farewell. When thou didſt putt thy ſelf vpon thoſe new wayes of thyne, thou gaueſt thy bleſſing to thy ſeruants ; but I was not there. Thou wert carried vp to heauen in a cloude, but I ſaw it not. The Angells promiſed, that thou wouldeſt returne ; but I heard them not. What ſhall I ſay, what ſhall I doe, whether ſhall I goe, where ſhall I ſeeke him, & when ſhall I find him ? Whome ſhall I aſke. Who will declare to my beloved, that I languish for love.



The ioy of my hart is gone. My mirth  
is changed into sorrow. *My very flesh  
and my hart haue fainted, O thou God of  
my hart, and my part: God, who art my  
porcion for euer. My soule hath refu-  
sed to be comforted, vnlesse it be by  
thee, my true sweetenes. For what  
haue I to care for in heauen but thee;  
and what haue I desired on earth but  
thee? It is thou, whome I desire,  
for whome I hope, and whome I  
seek: To thee my hart doth say,  
I will seek thy countenance, and I  
will seek it yet agayne. O turne thou  
not thy face from me.*

O thou most benigne louer of  
mankinde, to thee the poore creature  
is lefte, thou art the helper of the Or-  
phan. O thou my safe Aduocate;  
haue mercy on me, who am a forsa-  
ken Orphan. I am left as a pupill  
without a father; my soule is as soli-  
tary as a Widowe. Behold the rears of  
my desolation, and widowehood,  
which I offer thee, till such tyme as  
thou shalt returne. Come therefore,  
Lord, come now, appeare to me;  
and I shalbe comforted. Afford me  
thy presence, and I shall haue ob-

reyned my desire. Reueale thy glory, and I shall be in perfect ioy.

*Pfal.* My soule hath thirsted towards thee,

61. O how abundantly doth my very flesh

*Pfal.* thirst after thee. My soule hath thirsted

41. towards God, vvhho is the liuinge

fountayne. VVhen shall I come and

appeare before the Face of our Lord?

VVhen vilt thou come, O my

comforter, whome I am expect-

tinge? O that I might be sure to

see that ioy, which I desire. O

that I might me satiated, vvhhen thy

glory shall appeare, of which I haue

so great hunger. O that I might be

*Psa. 35.* inebriated, by that springinge plenty of

*Psa. 41* thy house, towards which I sigh:

O that thou wouldest giue me to

drinke deepely of the torrent of thy

pleasure, which I thirst after. O

Lord, let my tears in the meane

whyle, be my bread, day and night,

till such tyme as it may be said to

me, Behold thy God; till my soule

may hear this word, Beholde thy

Spouse. Feed me in the meane tyme

with my sighes, refresh me with

my sorrowes.

Perhappes my Redecmer will

come, because he is good; and he  
will not stay long behinde, vwho  
was here from the beginnige. To  
him be glory, for euer, and for  
euer. Amen.

DEO GRATIAS.

*The end of the Meditations of  
Saint Augustine.*

